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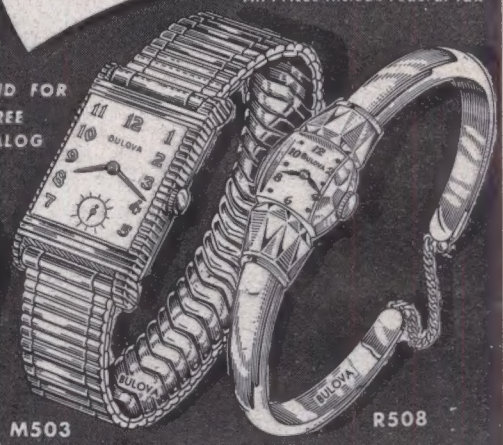

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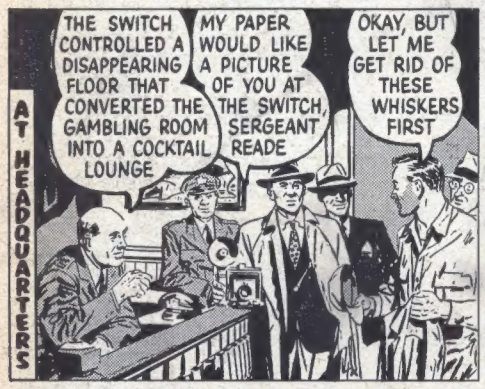
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January, 1952 ***Vol. 56, No. 4*** ***35 Cents***

Cover: ***Home for Christmas*** **(Wabash)**
By ***Herb Mott***

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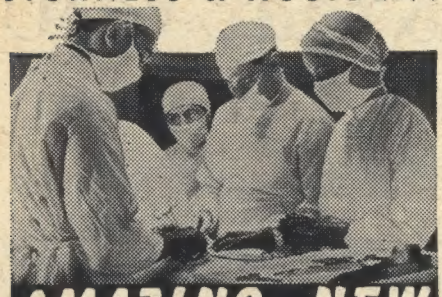

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Dear Son

By

ARTHUR B. REARDON

Dear Son:

In my last letter I told you of some of the conditions that are routine at our terminals. Now we will take that same train, No. 7 out on the road, bearing in mind that such things as automatic block signals were still in the future.

No. 7 was known to the lads as the *Wells-Fargo,* a solid train of express cars, due out of Midland City at 2:20 and scheduled to arrive at Somerset, 132 miles away in three hours flat.

While we are coupling on and testing the air the conductor hurries up to the gangway with a train order and a clearance card. No. 12 is the eastbound counterpart of No. 7 and superior by direction. The timecard meet is at Dixon but due to 12 running a little late the dispatcher has issued an order for a meet at Deep Water. We leave town five or six minutes later, but by the time we pass Davis, 3 miles west, we are stepping along at 65 and we should be on schedule at Jackson, 24 miles away.

Picking them up again, we are soon on our way to Benson, the next town. However, as we swing around the last curve, a mile from Benson, we see a fusee being swung slowly in a stop signal. Answering it with the whistle and easing off on the throttle, we pull up to the flagman, who hops on and tells us he is flagging a drag of empty stock cars ahead of us. He says they are heading in to let us by, that they left Dover 50 minutes ahead of us, and guesses they had low steam coming up the hill. As we pass their engine in the siding we are 12 minutes late.

We leave Dixon just ten minutes late

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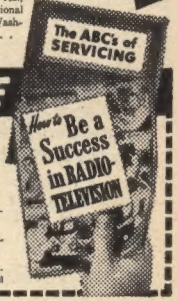

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and our next concern is our meet with No. 12 at Deep Water, ten miles west. A few miles out we run into occasional clouds of fog, and soon it becomes so thick that only the clattering over the switches tell us we are passing Rocky Point siding. The glare of the headlight is blinding, so we put the dimmer switch on and now it is a case of running by sound and the feel of the few curves in the track. Our ears tell us we are traveling about 55 or 60. Our next positive check is a trestle over a creek about two miles from Deep Water.

After asking ourselves a dozen times if we had unknowingly passed over the trestle, the roar of the open ties as we cross it is music to our ears; and closing the throttle and applying the air lightly we commence looking for and hoping we can see the mile board. Somehow we miss it, but as we are crawling along about ten mph. we catch the green haze of the switch light of the passing track close ahead. No. 12 has not shown up as we drag into the siding, hoping no cars are in there and unable to see them if there are. Presently 12 comes creeping along until he sees our headlight and identifies us as 7; then he tears things loose as he is 30 or 40 minutes behind schedule.

By the time we stop at Parker, we are out of the fog area and 24 minutes late. This means we have one hour and three minutes to get to Somerset on time with a five minute station stop at Warren. Provided things go along normally and the lads out on the road keep in the clear, as they usually do, No. 7 is on time into Somerset—just a typical and routine trip.

Well Son, I've tried to give you a picture of one angle of railroading in your Dad's time when he was at the same stage of his career as you are now. Our methods and the tools we had to do the job with may seem rather crude to you, but the present procedures may seem just as crude 40 years hence, for railroading is essentially a game of progress.

Affectionately, Dad.

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YULE CABOOSE

B. A. THOMAS

WE EASED out of Garretson, South Dakota, a little after midnight, with a wheat freight. Just enough tonnage to crawl up Sherman Hill. The snow, neck deep to a giraffe, with the thermometer a trifle below the zero mark, assured us of a white Christmas the next day.

We always ate going up this hill. Everybody cooked in the cabooses, and we were no exception. With this flock of heavy loads that had been standing still in the yards for several hours we realized we weren't going to exceed any speed limits, so Bob McClintock started hustling up a feed for the four of us. You've met many like this guy McClintock all along the rails—good man, working all the time, never laying off, but never holding a dime, either. The McClintocks had a covey of kids—his wife seemed to spill one out about every full moon—so his misery was doctor bills, food and clothing.

Another crew member was Charles Augustus Murphy, with a red neck, double chin, and a nose that would win the blue ribbon in any contest. The other bozo was Mickey Murphy. Mickey had bifocal eyes that could find a bottle, or a keg, when the rest of us couldn't see a thing. I called these two Murphys the Rhea Brothers—Gonna and Dia. Then, when I became very affectionate, I called them Hopeless and Useless. They answered to either of their names, especially for a drink or food.

To get out of McClintock's way while he was cooking, the three of us crawled up into the cupola, where a bottle of Christmas cheer was soon making its rounds. It was still dark outside, but every time the fireman baled in a load of coal, the light from the firebox would illuminate the sky, and on straight track we could see the top of the train. It was then that the sharp-eyed Mickey asked, "Say, Cap! What's that lump you've got out there on top?"

I slid the side window open, stuck my head out, and waited for more straight track. It wasn't long until I could see it. Then we all crawled out on top and went over to find out what was going on. Mister, my eyes popped. There lay two men, huddled together, jiggling toward the edge of the roof. Another curve or so and they'd have slipped off the top.

We had quite a time getting them back to the caboose, and through the windows. Charles Augustus made up a couple big jolts of hot Christmas cheer for them. Then we all ate breakfast, but didn't ask any questions. We seemed to sense that these two men were in a helluva rush to get some place, or get away from some place; and it was no business of ours. We knew they weren't the ordinary run of tramps, because hoboes don't ride out on top in that kind of weather on the Great Northern, especially without overcoats and overshoes. They were traveling light, very light.

AFTER BREAKFAST, our visitors streched out on the cushions and slept. The four of us in the cupola were a confused mess, trying to figure out who our guests were, what they'd been, where they were going. But we never found out. However, we did agree that the two must be broke and didn't have the right kind of clothes. So we helped them as best we could in the circumstances, digging deep and coming up with all we had. It amounted to about twenty dollars. We

I need 500 Men to wear SAMPLE SUITS!

PAY NO MONEY—SEND NO MONEY!

My values in made-to-measure suits are so sensational, thousands of men order when they see the actual garments. I make it easy for you to get your own suit to wear and show—and to MAKE MONEY IN FULL OR SPARE TIME! MY PLAN IS AMAZING! Just take a few orders at my low money-saving prices—that's all! Get your own personal suit, and make money fast taking orders. You need no experience. You need no money now or any time. Just rush your name and address for complete facts and BIG SAMPLE KIT containing more than 100 actual woolen samples. It's FREE! Get into the big-pay tailoring field and earn up to $15.00 in a day! Many men are earning even more! You can begin at once in spare time to take orders and pocket big profits. All you do is show the big, colorful different styles. Men order quickly because you offer fine quality at unbeatable prices. Yes—superb made-to-measure cutting and sewing—and complete satisfaction guaranteed. It's easy to get first orders, but repeat orders come even easier. With my big, complete line you begin earning big money at once and you build a steady, big-profit repeat business at the same time.

No Experience—No Money Needed
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You need no money—no experience—no special training. Your friends, neighbors, relatives, fellow-workers, will be eager to give you orders once you show them the outstanding quality of the fabrics, the top notch fit of made-to-measure tailoring and the money-saving low prices. Every customer is a source of additional prospects. In no time at all, you'll find the orders rolling in faster and faster. And every order puts a handsome, spot-cash profit in your pocket! Mail the coupon for your big FREE OUTFIT of styles and samples NOW!

Mail Coupon for FREE OUTFIT!

We supply everything—sample fabrics, full-color style cards, order forms, measuring materials—all packed in a handsome, professional leatherette-covered carrying case. Work full time or spare time. Either way you'll be amazed at how fast you take orders and how your profits begin to mount! Fill out and mail coupon today.

STONEFIELD CORPORATION, Dept. B-796
523 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Ill.

Send No Money—Mail Today—No Obligation

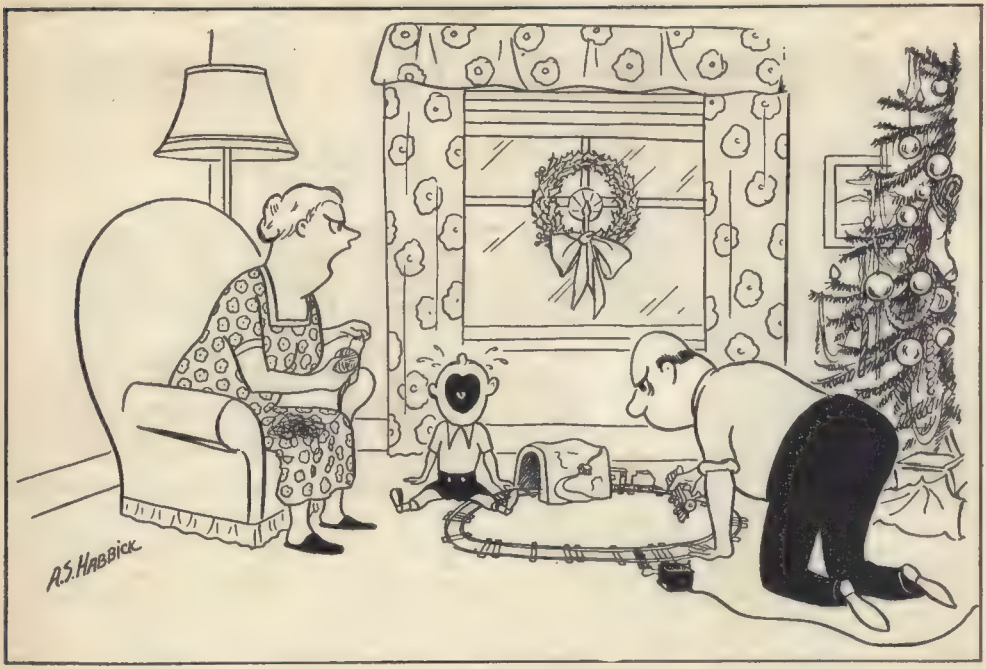
Stonefield Corporation, Dept. B-796
523 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Ill.

Dear Sir: I WANT A SAMPLE SUIT TO WEAR AND SHOW, without paying 1c for it. Rush Valuable Suit Coupon and Sample Kit of actual fabrics. ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....



prowled our lockers and found two overcoats, not new, but better than no coats at all. Then the lockers turned up two pairs of overshoes, woolen socks, and neck scarfs, and two blue flannel shirts to boot.

Back up in the cupola, while the Christmas cheer was making another round, Mickey said, "Wait! I forgot something." And he jumped down and made a nose dive into the lockers. When he came out, he tossed a pair of mittens into the collection. Just before we got into the terminal we appointed McClintock as official waker-upper and introducer of the two men to the pile of clothing, and the little bankroll.

The rest of us were craning our necks from the cupola, taking in the show. It was kind of sad—the astonished looks, and stuttering thanks as we all wished them cheerful greetings, and a safe journey.

This isn't intended as apple sauce. But you know there are a lot of people in these good old United States who are prone to lift an eyebrow when you tell them you're a railroadman. They have the idea we're just tough, calloused guys who live so close to the cabbage patch that when God made us he simply neglected to put a heart into our carcasses. But they never would make those two men think there wasn't a Santa Claus among the railroadmen.

ONE RAILROADER, his name lost to posterity, says you might point this out the next time someone tells you about the tremendous profits railroads are making: "Suppose a friend of yours saw an opportunity for a neighborhood lunch stand. He decides that after all expenses are paid, including employes, taxes, etc., he should net, in a year's time, about $3500. If he were to make the same net return on his investment that the railroad industry makes on its plant, your friend would have to build a $100,000 stand!"

Reducing Specialist Says:

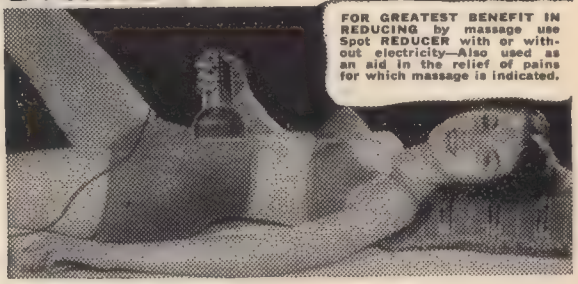
LOSE WEIGHT Where It Shows Most REDUCE MOST ANY PART OF THE BODY WITH

UNDERWRITERS LABORATORY APPROVED

Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing Penetrating Massage

PLUG IN GRASP HANDLE AND APPLY



FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use Spot REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

Don't Stay FAT—You Can Lose POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY Without Risking HEALTH

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and turkish baths—MASSAGE!

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercise or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

Your Own Private Masseur at Home

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters laboratory approved.

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only $1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman $8.95 plus delivery—or send $9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!

SPOT REDUCER CO., Dept. E-794

1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose $1. Upon arrival I will pay postman only $8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State*.....

☐ SAVE POSTAGE — check here if you enclose $9.95 with coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

ALSO USE IT FOR ACHES AND PAINS

CAN'T SLEEP

Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.

MUSCULAR ACHES:

A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

USED BY EXPERTS

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

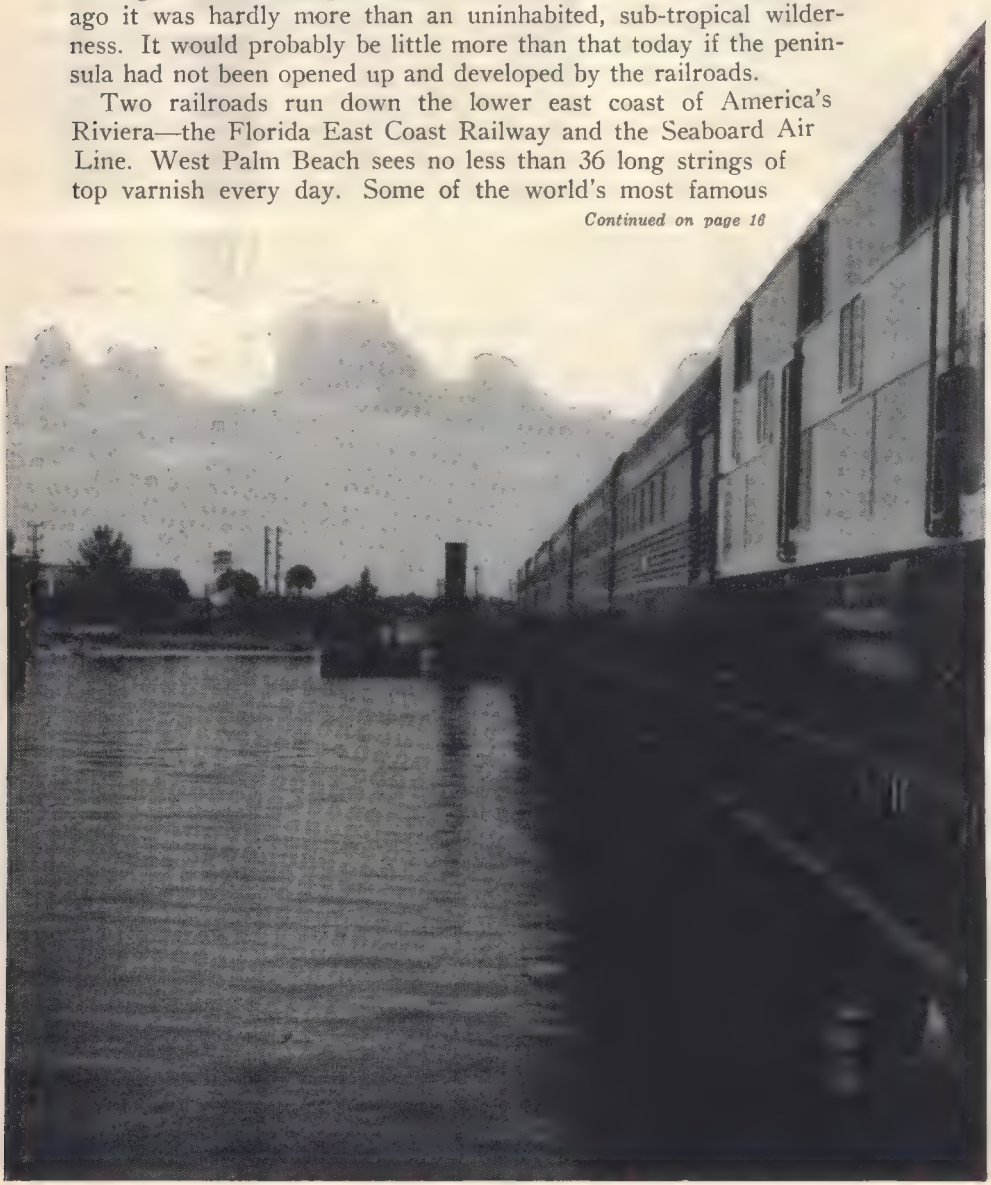
ORDER IT TODAY!

PALM BEACH

FLORIDA is generally thought of as one of the ideal spots for sunshine and relaxation in wintertime—for deep-sea fishing, golf, and bathing beauties. And so it is. But 50-odd years ago it was hardly more than an uninhabited, sub-tropical wilderness. It would probably be little more than that today if the peninsula had not been opened up and developed by the railroads.

Two railroads run down the lower east coast of America's Riviera—the Florida East Coast Railway and the Seaboard Air Line. West Palm Beach sees no less than 36 long strings of top varnish every day. Some of the world's most famous

Continued on page 16



RAILS

H. A. McBRIDE

Florida Was a Wilderness of 'Glades and Lonely Pine Woods Until Railroad Builder Henry M. Flagler Developed the Peninsular State As America's Own Riviera

luxury liners travel in long processions from the snowbound north to Sunny Florida—name trains to vacationland that have been household words for decades—*The Champion, Orange Blossom Special, Silver Meteor, The Miamian.*

The sharp bark of the diesel horn is in the air and, less frequently, the long familiar hoot of steam locomotives on the locals and freights. Through palm trees and tall cypresses festooned with Spanish moss, trains make time over heavy rail and well-ballasted, level road-bed, where little more than fifty years ago there was nothing but sand, jungle, and swampland.

In the Florida East Coast station at West Palm Beach, the first excitement of the day is caused by the early morning arrival from the north of the *Havana Special* and the *East Coast Express* followed at 9:31 by No. 73, the famous *Vacationer,* with some fourteen to sixteen coaches and sleepers behind a red and yellow 2-unit Diesel. It makes a 25½ hour run from New York to Miami, affording to its lucky passengers a before-noon arrival at coast resorts.

The big shot of the morning, however, is No. 2, the northbound *Champion,* pride of the Atlantic Coast Line. Its southbound counterpart is No. 1, and both of these trains carry the same identifying number all the way to and from Wash-

On the Suntan Route "varnish" is truly an anachronism, with most of the swank passenger consist being stainless steel. FEC diner, *Hobe Sound*, is named for body of water which, until the coming of Flagler and his patchwork railroad, was the only way of getting to Palm Beach

Florida East Coast Railroad

Florida East Coast Railroad

Smallish FEC has bigtime roster of shark-nosed older EMD passenger Diesels for long hike south from Richmond, Va. via big-brother ACL trackage. The main line of Henry M. Flagler's road, itself, is contained entirely within the boundaries of the peninsular state

ington, on the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac, the Atlantic Coast Line and the Florida East Coast. (Going north the order of roads traveled is reversed, of course.) North of Washington they become Pennsy Nos. 104 and 105.

The *Champ* is one of those out of this world beauties—the newest and sleekest stainless steel coaches glistening in the sun like silver. All the cars of this famous train have exactly similar exterior design but bear different owners' names—Pennsylvania, Atlantic Coast Line, Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac, and Florida East Coast, as the case may be. Diners are new ACL stainless steel streamliners with names instead of numbers. There are seven of them, the last two—the *Washington* and *Tampa*—having been delivered in 1947. *The Champion* is hauled 227 miles from New York to Washington by a Pennsy GG-1 electric, 114 miles to Richmond by one of the RF&P's big 4-8-4s, 681 miles to Jacksonville by a purple and white ACL Diesel, and finally 336 miles to Miami by an FEC growler—a total of 1388 miles in a little over 25 hours. It is an all-coach train but even the baggage cars are stainless steel as well as the swanky tavern-lounge-observation on the rear end.

One southbound and one northbound local, Nos. 29 and 30, called the *Daylight Express,* traverse this unusual railroad: (the Florida East Coast is almost a straight line north and south with almost no grades, and almost devoid of branches. It is also contained entirely within one state). This local is also a good-looking train of conventional equipment, longer than most locals with heavy head-end business. It stops—on signal, at least—

Florida East Coast Railroad

Juicy publicity shot shows FEC *Champion* enroute through famed Indian River orange groves which supply profitable car-loadings for road's fast, Diesel-powered perishable freights. Supplying citrus-thirsty northern markets keeps rails hot between Florida and Washington, D. C. where reefer trains are broken up for distribution among eastern seaboard cities and towns

Atlantic Coast Line Railroad

The Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac will take the northbound ACL *Champion* 114 miles from Richmond to Washington; one of Pennsy's horseface electrics will highball her the remaining 227 miles to New York. The *Champ* does the 1388-mile total in a little over 25 hours

H. A. McBride

Seaboard Air Line's station at West Palm Beach is typical of road's depots in southern Florida —Spanish architecture with tinted stucco walls and red tile roof. SAL is latecomer to peninsula's east coast; it arrived in 1927, just in time for collapse of inflated real estate values

at all of the 90 stations on the main stem. No. 29 leaves Jax (Jacksonville, to you folks from the North) at 10:15 a.m.—a run of 12 hours for the 366 miles. At that, lots of locals don't average much better than this 30 m.p.h. Sister express No. 30 leaves Miami at 6 a.m. and arrives Jax at 6:10 p.m. Motive power on these trains is usually one of the heavy 4-8-2s during the winter months and Diesels during the summer.

Other stars of the train world continue their regular arrivals and departures at the gray-and-white West Palm Beach station throughout the day—the *Vacationer, Gulf Stream,* the *Chicago-Miami Streamliner.* Sun seekers fill the platforms; carloads, not only from Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington—there are also cars direct from Chicago, Kansas City, Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis. And all of them are bursting with piles of vacation luggage—golf bags in profusion—a redcap's dream! Not caddying, mind you, but the big tips.

A PRIME favorite among these trains is the deluxe all-Pullman *Florida Special,* the oldest name train on the route, now Diesel-powered and with conventional equipment. It is so popular that it is run in two parts—the New York section and the Boston-Washington section. Out of Palm Beach I asked the conductor how many cars were in our consist.

"Sixteen," he said.

"Do you often carry more than that?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "but we like sixteen or seventeen cars best. You see, that makes a train over one-quarter of a mile long and that is about long enough!"

I was going north on this train in March. Just beyond Fort Pierce, standing all alone on a long side-track was a rather faded boxcar from a railroad calling itself the Algoma Central. This was a new one to me but the *Official Guide* soon cleared up the matter: here was a car from faraway Hudson Bay territory sunning itself in Florida!

The *Florida Special* has been running

over fifty years. Up to 1888, travel to Florida was rather complicated. Lines south of Washington and Richmond had different gages which necessitated changes of trains and vexatious delays. But gradually gages and equipment were changed to standard, and finally on January 9, 1888, a pioneer all-Pullman train arrived in Jacksonville from Jersey City in slightly less than thirty hours. It had, mind you, closed vestibules so that passengers could walk all through the train without exposure to rain, wind, and dust!

In the baggage car was a new contraption, a small engine driven by steam from the locomotive which ran an electric generator, thus furnishing that marvel of the age—electric light—for the whole train. Folks drove in from all over the nearby country-side to see this last word in travel luxury.

Now, of course, the *Florida Special* goes all the way to Miami in some 25 hours; and what would those same people say about the powerful Diesels which have replaced the old eight-wheelers, and about the 80-foot air-conditioned cars? The *Special* has been in operation every winter since 1888, except during World War II.

All this heavy FEC traffic is, of course, made possible by its close link-up with the great Atlantic Coast Line; together the two roads make a double-tracked speedway all the way from Richmond to Miami. The Seaboard is largely single-tracked but its heavy train schedule moves smoothly along its own rails all the way to southern Florida from Richmond, with dense traffic made possible by long stretches of centralized train control. For both ACL and SAL heavy vacation traffic creates difficulties as well as profits: At times during the height of the season long trains go one way crammed to the last seat and upper, and return with only four to five passengers per car.

The Florida East Coast has two *Pacifics,* 33 4-8-2s of which 22 have a tractive force of 60,800 pounds, and 15 *Mikados.* FEC operates only one 0-6-0 switcher, No. 210, now on duty at West Palm Beach, and 21 0-8-0s. In the pas-

Rails which carry Florida fruits and vegetables north are same which carry sun-seeking vacationers south. Together these make up the life-blood of Floridian economy. In winter season FEC station at West Palm Beach sees 20 name trains a day

H. A. McBride

Florida East Coast Railroad

Diesel-powered stainless steel streamliner which looks as if it were lost among the cabbage palms is actually pounding along over heavy steel on well-ballasted roadbed beside Indian River. Before the coming of civilizing rails Florida was mostly uninhabited everglades and piney woods

senger Diesel department there are 22 A units and 4 B units. Freight Diesels number 9 A units and 3 B units, with 6 branch-line A units of 1500 horsepower.

With reference to that sole 0-6-0 switcher, No. 210, this old girl has a rather fascinating history. You remember how Henry M. Flagler laid his steel south from Miami to the tip of Florida's mainland and then continued "the railroad over the sea" to Key West, at that time Florida's biggest city. This herculean construction job put rails only 90 miles from Cuba—one of the most daring railroad operations in history.

The road from Homestead, Florida, to Key West was 128 miles long: 21 miles on the mainland and 107 miles jumping from key to key with bridge structures as long as six miles in between. Flagler himself, at the age of 82 years and 20 days, rode the first train into Key West on January 22, 1912. The *Havana Special* always thereafter transferred its passengers to steamers for Cuba directly from the docks. On this stretch of railroad you could go to sea out of sight of land in a Pullman. It took three big car ferries to handle the heavy freight car business to Havana and this operation continued for 23 years.

BUT ON the fateful Labor Day of 1935, 40 miles of this sea-going road were wrecked by a tremendous hurricane with great loss of life and property. Too expensive to rebuild, the right-of-way and the still-staunch bridgework are now part of the motor highway to Key West, and the car ferry activities have been transferred chiefly to Palm Beach.

A near-catastrophe of that awful day involved our tough little switcher No. 210. According to her present engineer, she was sedately pushing cars around on the Key West spurs, when suddenly she found herself separated by 40 miles of sea from any more cars to push! Later she was ignominiously loaded on a barge and towed back to her main stem. Since that time she has remained on her choice West Palm Beach assignment.

I was surprised one day to see, not far from Palm Beach, a new red-and-yellow 1500 horsepower Diesel hauling a 45-car freight train composed entirely of cars all the same type and all dark brown in color. They were like 40-foot wooden boxcars but with no roofs, and were all marked U.S.S.C.—United States Sugar Corporation. The usual FEC caboose brought up the rear. It turned out to be a sugar cane train moving smoothly along near Pahokee on the Lake Okeechobee freight branch. It crossed the highway and disappeared in a flat sugar-cane plantation that extended as far as the eye could see. These trains operate between Canal Point on the east shore of the lake and Clewiston on the south shore, a distance of thirty miles. The FEC handles 40,000 carloads a year for the U.S.S.C. whose sugar mill at Clewiston is the largest in the United States. The sugar company owns several hundred of these cane cars. There are three sugar trains a day each way, often 100 cars to the train.

This new cut-off of the FEC, opened in March, 1947, leaves the main stem at Fort Pierce, runs west to Lake Okeechobee, then around its east and south shores. It thus has opened up another enormous fertile area of black loam, early-vegetable plantations and aided in speeding these products northward for the winter market. Six new FEC freight Diesels are kept busy on this branch.

Rail-shipment of perishables from Florida is impressive. There were 124,564 carloads in the 1946-1947 season. Of these, 68,452 were citrus fruits and almost 37,000 were vegetables alone. There were many carloads of pineapples, bananas, strawberries and fish, and an item of increasing traffic is canned juices —12,000 carloads in the 1946-1947 season. This partly explains that veritable maze of yellow reefers, long tracks full of them, that one sees throughout the winter and spring months at Potomac yards south of Washington, D. C., where trains from Florida are broken up for delivery to New York and other northern markets.

While the Florida East Coast is the line skirting the Atlantic, the Seaboard main stem also enters northern Florida at Jacksonville. It veers westward, however, toward the center of the state to Tampa, St. Petersburg, Sarasota. Its east coast line branches off at Wildwood to Lake Wales, Sebring, past Lake Okeechobee to West Palm Beach. From there it parallels the FEC to Miami.

The Seaboard is really a rank newcomer on the aristocratic east coast. This 270-mile branch to Miami was opened to traffic only in 1927. It was the last long stretch of big-time right-of-way to be built in the United States, being rushed to completion as a result of the great Florida real estate boom of the '20s. It contains one of the very long stretches of tangent track in the country: over 57 miles between Okeechobee and West Palm Beach without a single curve.

An FEC branch Diesel picks up sugar cane in 'glades plantation. Big cane cars which look like roof-less boxcars are all owned by United States Sugar Corporation. FEC handles three sugar trains a day each way for U.S.S.C. on shores of Lake Okeechobee

Florida East Coast Railroad

Streamliners fly over this section at the rate of a mile in 45 seconds.

Appropriately, the Seaboard station at West Palm Beach is of Spanish architecture with tinted stucco walls and red tile roof, typical of many stations of this railroad in southern Florida. The one in Miami, which is a stub terminal, even has tropical flowers growing in tubs on the track bumpers.

Here is the destination of the "silver fleet"—the *Silver Meteor, Silver Star,* the famous all-Pullman *Orange Blossom Special,* covering the 1045 miles from New York to Miami in 25½ to 26 hours. The *Meteor* and *Star* carry big stainless steel passenger cars like the ACL's *Champion* and other trains, all similar in appearance but also bearing different road names—Pennsy, RF&P, and Seaboard.

ALL SEABOARD Air Line trains passing West Palm Beach—six northbound and six southbound—are name trains. Earliest arrival from the north is the *Palmland* at 5:45 a.m., followed between 9:00 and early afternoon by the southbound *Orange Blossom Special,* the *Silver Meteor* and *Silver Star.*

Continued on page 28

Atlantic Coast Line

Just north of Palm Beaches, northbound *Dixie Flagler* flashes across snow-like Floridian coral sand, headed for colder clime. Unsolvable problem of ACL, SAL, FEC passenger departments are luxurious passenger consists returning north almost empty while winter season is at height

Tony Kozla

ACL porter can hardly be blamed for short flagging as he runs down main street at Gainesville, Fla. to warn motorists at intersection. Crewman rides cowcatcher into town, then jumps off to sprint ahead of moving train

H. A. McBride

FEC's only 0-6-0 switcher went to Key West, Fla. by rail, had to come back by boat in 1935 when twister destroyed miles of H. M. Flagler's "railroad over the sea". No. 210 does chores now at West Palm Beach

Then there is also the *Florida Sunbeam,* which is a popular train from the Midwest cities of Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland, over New York Central, Southern Railroad and Seaboard tracks. Most northbound trains come through in the afternoon and evening.

I wanted a picture of the northbound *Silver Meteor,* No. 58, due at 10:20 a.m. Fortunately I arrived at the station a little early because at 10:15 the bellow of a Diesel horn warned of an arrival from the opposite direction. In came the beautiful *Silver Star,* No. 21, from the north, a little late that day, with orders to pass No. 58 at West Palm Beach. The result was a nice shot of this top-varnish meet. Later an hour was spent watching the make-up of a Seaboard way freight for Lake Wales, headed by a heavy 2-8-2, No. 418. On most of the line south from West Palm Beach, Sea-

Rails that ride the main. Car-ferry *Joseph P. Parrott* is one of 3 operated by West India Fruit and Steamship Company between West Palm Beach and Havana. Four-track ships accommodate 26-28 cars, reach Cuba in 24 hours

H. A. McBride

board tracks are a half mile or more inland from the FEC, and both lines have freight extensions south of Miami into Everglade country.

Seaboard Diesels, in yellow and red with a black stripe, make an impressive picture in this flat southland streaking through great orange groves, pine woods and palm trees, past flat grazing country and cypress swamps. All along the line are the ever-present fruit and vegetable packing houses where reefers are spotted.

H. A. McBride

Boxcar is one of those owned by West India Fruit & Steamship Co. Since most Cuban railroads are American standard gage, U. S. cars can go to all parts of the island

And speaking of fruit shipments and reefers, there is another railroad in West Palm Beach. This is the West Palm Beach Terminal Company on the north side of the city, making interchange with the FEC and connecting with ocean-going car ferries at Palm Beach Terminal, for Havana, Cuba. In season, strings of reefers are spotted on the icing track near the ferry slip and iced from trucks equipped with mechanical elevators. They are then pushed into the double-track loading shed which is long enough to accommodate eight to ten cars on each track.

One of the big four-track ferries, carrying 26 to 28 cars, glides in. A WPBT 0-6-0 switch engine, No. 11 or No. 7, carefully hooks on, pulls a string of reefers off the boat and pushes it into the packing shed. On an elevated platform between the two tracks are long conveyor belts, with shorter ones branching off into each of the newly iced reefers. The cars from Cuba are opened and long lines of fruit and vegetable boxes start moving at a rapid rate. Just now, in winter time, the principal item is Cuban tomatoes by the carload; but there are also peppers, cucumbers and luscious pineapples.

The West Palm Beach Terminal Company's main stem is only a mile or two long but it has several terminal spurs to accommodate its active operations. The track is owned by the Port of Palm Beach District but motive power and service is furnished by the West Palm Beach Terminal Company.

The ocean-going ferries are owned and operated by the West India Fruit and Steamship Company. Three of them ply to Havana, the service thus being almost daily. The WIFS, incidentally, has some

West Palm Beach Terminal Co.'s *Six-wheel Switcher* shunts cars on and off car-ferries: manufactures and machinery for Cuba, fruits and vegetables for U. S. WPBT interchanges with FEC at West Palm Beach

H. A. McBride

Florida East Coast Line Railroad

Until the hurricane of 1935 wrecked H. M. Flagler's seagoing railroad, his *Havana Special* transferred Cuba-bound passengers directly from dock to steamer at Key West. Sizable Cuba-Florida traffic was transferred to West Palm Beach

red boxcars of its own, with a slogan in a big white circle—"Superior All-Rail-Route to Cuba."

These rail-ships make the trip to Havana in 24 hours, and this is the only ferry service to Cuba where cars are shunted aboard at track level. The one in New Orleans lifts the cars on and off with cranes. As the Cuban railroads are American standard gage, this line carries carload lots from any part of the United States to any railroad town on the island. It's not unusual to see a car of apples from faraway Washington, grapes from California, meat from Chicago, and heavy machinery for factories and sugar mills from northern manufacturers going aboard a big boat for a tourist trip to Havana.

STANDARD OIL'S Henry Morrison Flagler—Florida's empire builder—started at St. Augustine, still the headquarters of the Florida East Coast Railway, in 1883. Only a dozen years before his arrival a traveler had reported in *Harper's Magazine:* "There are two ways of getting to Jacksonville from Savannah and whichever you choose you will be sorry you had not taken the other. There is the night train by railroad which brings you to Jacksonville in about sixteen hours and there is the steamboat line which goes inland nearly all the way, and which may land you in a day or you may run aground and remain on board a week."

Having discovered Florida's sunshiny winters and wonderful sandy beaches, Flagler's first interest was in building luxurious hotels to match any on the French Riviera. The first renowned effort was the palatial Ponce de Leon, opened in 1888. Though it was the first permanent white settlement in what is now the United States, St. Augustine developed little until Henry Flagler came along. Then, so that people could get there, he bought and pieced together several shortline railroads, one of which even had wooden rails.

After St. Augustine came the movement southward to Daytona Beach, where the first train arrived in 1886. A little road there was added to the Flagler system soon afterward.

His first big extension was to Palm Beach where the huge Royal Poinciana Hotel was built in 1893-1894. Famous as the largest wooden hotel in the world, it was painted, furnished and opened to visitors in nine months time. On March 22, 1894, 57 miles of rail had been laid in little more than one month, and trains started steaming into the Palm Beach station. Prior to this time the only way of getting there was by ship to Jupiter on Hobe Sound, then eight miles on the tiny railroad to Lake Worth.

Within less than a year after the arrival of Flagler's railroad, West Palm Beach was an incorporated village of one thousand inhabitants, with a post office and newspaper, and building lots were selling like hot cakes. Farther south there was more wilderness.

About this time, there came a bad winter with a disastrous freeze which did great damage to the orange groves. Also, Flagler's long thin lines of steel were desperately in need of more and more freight tonnage. So farther south he went, to his greatest triumph, Miami and Miami Beach. One construction gang on this stretch went fifty miles without seeing a single habitation. Finally, on April 22, 1896, the first Florida East Coast passenger train arrived at Miami—a six-car consist behind a sleek wood-burning 4-4-0! In six months Miami boasted 502 voters, and soon became known as the "Magic City."

This new winter spot was widely advertised by the company. Henry B. Plant, who was building railways and developing the Gulf coast of Florida, received one of the glowing ads. He telegraphed his rival, Flagler:

"Where is Miami?"

Flagler, not to be outdone in this way, replied:

"Just follow the crowd."

He might have said, "Just follow the trains."

SEATTLE

Puget Sound's Queen City Has Outgrown Jim Hill's King Street Mail Room. Most Proposals for New Post Office Space Favor Rival Union Pacific Site

PERHAPS Jim Hill would toss indignantly in his bier if Union Pacific trains should rumble out of his red-bricked, stately-spired King Street Station, but this risk to the earthly slumber of Great Northern's whiskered Empire Builder soon may have to be taken. Seattle needs more terminal Post Office space near railroad trackage. The queen city of Puget Sound is bursting out of her petticoat. Facilities for assorting train mail date back to the turn of the century when the community had a population of only 80,000. Today Seattle has 733,000 inhabitants, and is still growing. Indeed, this rail citadel is one of the fastest-topsying cities in the land.

Hill erected the King Street Station in 1905 as part of his defiance to the rival Harriman interests. The Great Northern would have the best terminal in the whole Northwest, by cracky, and it would be in Seattle, not Portland, where Harriman was fiddling around with his Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company.

Now mail arriving in Seattle by train is distributed from an ancient freight building the Great Northern leases to the government. Mail sacks are stacked like cans of soup on a grocery shelf. Postal employes complain that Seattle's holiday mail fits this structure like a four-unit Diesel in a family garage. Men work in cramped caverns formed by great tiers of parcel post packages.

The Seattle *Times* and the *Post-Intelligencer* have run protesting editorials. Congressman Hugh B. Mitchell, of the

STATION CRISIS

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

1st Washington district, has laid angry petitions on the majestic desk of Postmaster-General Jesse Donaldson. When irate Seattle householders wonder why the mail hasn't arrived at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, harassed postmen have a ready reply: "Lady, have you seen our terminal Post Office? You surely ought to. It would end your scolding, for good and all!"

There are several plans to relieve the intolerable situation. Most proposals involve tearing down the gracefully-domed Union Station just across busy Fourth Avenue from King Street Station. This site then would be occupied by a modern

terminal Post Office to be constructed by the government. King Street Station, accordingly, would take care of all passenger trains serving Seattle.

If so, the Railway Express Agency offices and sheds at King Street will be razed to provide additional space for platforms and tracks. King Street Station now is used by the so-called *Northern* lines, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific. The Union Pacific and the Milwaukee Road, users of Union Station would be acquired as tenants, with the Milwaukee needing a catenary over at least half the new tracks.

Union Station, not completed until 1911, is six years younger than the King Street structure, so why would Union Station inevitably be the sacrificial offering?

To begin with, it is not quite as large as the King Street depot. Furthermore, it has fewer tracks. And it is built flush against a steep hillside. This slope is dotted with commercial buildings. It would be both costly and cumbersome to furnish extra space for more trackage in these surroundings. King Street Station, on the other hand, has some breathing room along the western edge of its yards.

A Seattle Chamber of Commerce committee favors a scheme which parallels most other proposals. This envisions the abandonment of Union Station to the U. S. mails. King Street Station would give way to a consolidated station of streamlined design, to be financed by a public bond issue. The four transcontinental systems would amortize the bonds by paying rent. No matter how the controversy ends, it is likely King Street will be the ultimate goal of all passenger trains into Seattle.

Only one circumstance could make Jim Hill turn over more vigorously in his sarcophagus than to have Harriman-sponsored trains rolling in and out of King Street Station. That would be for King Street Station to be torn down. King Street Station represents one of Hill's memorable victories in a long career of railroading. It also fixed, for a half century at least, the route of all trains bringing passengers, mail and baggage into the principal city of the vast Pacific Northwest.

But not until the soaring King Street tower pierced the damp air from off the sea was there any certainty Seattle would be the terminus of the railroads which had been thrust through the spectacular passes of the Cascades to tidewater.

HENRY VILLARD'S Northern Pacific was the original northern transcontinental. It stopped at Tacoma, although in 1883 a spur was disdainfully extended to Seattle. Seattle already had surpassed Tacoma in population, but the journey between Seattle and Portland could be completed only by stopping in Tacoma overnight because the Northern Pacific owned substantial hotel properties in Tacoma, and schedules had been deliberately arranged toward this end.

Seattle's pride was shaken. Businessmen held indignation meetings. They vowed to build a line northward themselves and connect with the embryonic Canadian Pacific. The Northern Pacific could go toot its own whistles. Seattle would get along without it. Tacoma, 34 miles away, was the target of much intercity rivalry. It had been an insult to Seattle for Tacoma to become the terminus of the Northern Pacific.

This righteous fervor in Seattle jarred the NP. Service over the branch line between Seattle and Tacoma was grudgingly improved, yet it remained nothing to boast about. Rates were high. The dustiest and most uncomfortable coaches were provided for passengers. Merchants could get shipments only in carload quantities.

But far off on the distant plains, succor was stirring. Jim Hill felt that his Great Northern never would be complete until engineers could look from their cabs at the blue Pacific. When newspaper reporters asked Hill his opinion of the Northern Pacific, his answer was enigmatic: "It is a long railroad and a very good one."

Hill wanted to make his line somewhat shorter. Marias Pass, originally discov-

Northern Pacific

Eastbound Northern Pacific trains begin transcontinental journey from Great Northern's stately King Street Station, built to handle Seattle when city had only 80,000 inhabitants, not 733,000

ered by Meriwether Lewis of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, helped cut down some mileage on the GN, the re-discovery of this narrow slot in the Rockies by Hill's reconnaissance engineer, James F. Stevens, being an outstanding feat of Western railroad construction. When the Great Northern at last reached Puget Sound in 1893, its mileage from St. Paul was 1816, to Northern Pacific's 1931.

But where would the GN have its terminus?

Hill ruled out Tacoma. He did not want to take the sites left over after the Northern Pacific had its pick. Hill considered Bellingham, too, because his rails had breached the Cascade Mountains at Stevens Pass, which disgorged on the Sound approximately 30 miles north of Seattle. But Hill's advisers, particularly one Judge Thomas Burke, convinced him he should run his line southward along the sheltered salt water of the Sound to Seattle, which already had more than 40,000 inhabitants.

Maurine Neuberger

Terminal Post Office, leased to government by Great Northern, overlooks King Street tracks and road Diesel waiting to take daylight Cascadian up to Snohomish electrification in mountains for 330-mile pilgrimage to Spokane

"Besides," added Burke, with prophetic vision, "the tourists would enjoy the scenery. Imagine the pleasure of seeing the ocean from the car window, after all those miles and miles of high mountains!"

But an obscure local system known ambitiously as the Seattle & Walla Walla Railroad occupied the most strategic stretches of the Seattle waterfront, and control of the Seattle & Walla Walla had been obtained by the Northern Pacific. Yet Judge Burke, learned in the law, was equal to this obstacle. He hurdled it handsomely by organizing a new operation under the laws of Washington and calling it the Seattle & Montana Railway. Then he induced the City Council to authorize a street, Railroad Avenue, which would bring the Seattle & Montana into the city along the tidal flats. Judge Burke obviously knew all the angles.

Of course, access over this route soon was granted to that great and good ally of the Seattle & Montana, the Great Northern, which did indeed twist across the state of Montana for nearly 700 miles. But Judge Burke thought it was time to make good on the boast that Seattle would be linked with the Canadian Pacific on the other side of the international boundary. So, the Seattle & Montana was constructed up the timbered seacoast to the British Columbia maritime center of New Westminster, from where the U. S. Army Engineers had just built a military tele-

graph system through the wilderness all the way to the frozen shores of Bering Strait.

So now Jim Hill had an entrance into Seattle, and he staged his triumphal entry. He had promised to bring to this celebration, in July of 1893, industrialists whose aggregate pocketbooks were worth "a thousand million dollars." He had to settle for something less than this because not every American Croesus was willing to venture far from the cloistered Atlantic seaboard in that pioneering era of Western transportation.

The GN was in Seattle, and the city wanted to keep it there, a resolution being introduced in the City Council requiring the Great Northern to construct a station forthwith. Hill was angry. Hadn't he selected Seattle as his terminus after the queen city had been jilted by the Northern Pacific? He intimated that the GN was not rooted in Seattle by concrete. It still could go elsewhere.

Jim Hill's spired King Street Station dominates tracks and platforms, but from any other angle 42-story L. C. Smith Tower, loftiest in Northwest, steals show

Maurine Neuberger

"In this corner, Jim Hill of King Street Station", *left*, "and his opponent, E. H. Harriman of Union Station," *right*. Now Puget Sound's queen city needs more mail space, preferably by tearing down Union Pacific's Union Station and building new Post Office. Great Northern's King Street Station would handle all passenger trains

Northern Pacific

"If the demand for this depot would cause the Great Northern to go to Everett or Podunk, that line is not the city's friend!" shouted one councilman. "And if the Great Northern does go somewhere else, Seattle still would like to have the depot as a souvenir of Mr. Hill's visit."

THEN a prospector named Carmack, a bearded backwoodsman married to a squaw, struck gold in Rabbit Creek in the distant Klondike. It wasn't just a vein or a pocket of colors. It was the mother lode of them all. Rabbit Creek became Bonanza Creek overnight. The steamer *Portland,* out of St. Michael and Skagway, docked at Seattle with $2,000,000 worth of nuggets wrapped in napkins in the captain's safe.

This was when the world went mad—the Gold Rush!

Great Northern trains streaking into Seattle were jammed like trolley cars at the evening hour. Hill coupled every musty piece of rolling stock into his transcontinental trains. The wharves were black with people. Ship's tickets for Alaska were raffled off like gems. And when the lucky and the luckless returned from the diggings in the Arctic, they brought

word of a realm rich not only in gold but also in forests, fish and wildlife, and valleys unbroken by a plow.

Charles S. Mellen, Northern Pacific president, decided perhaps his system had made a mistake. The Alaskan trade might make Seattle a world port. Mellen corralled strategic property along the Seattle waterfront. Northern Pacific tracks went down the center of the cobblestoned streets which led to the docks. They went onto the wharves themselves. Mellen tried to buy into every company which owned substantial holdings within the smell of salt water.

Hill, meanwhile, had been demonstrating foresight of a different sort. He saw that a railroad entering Seattle along meandering Puget Sound would waste many tons of coal and much hourly pay. Furthermore, passengers wanted to board a train in the center of the city, not on its periphery. In addition, it was the age of chivalry. Could women and children be expected to brave sinister Skid Row each time they booked passage on the Great Northern?

So Hill took his main line away from the tidal flats on the northern edge of Seattle and drilled a 5141-foot tunnel beneath the heart of the city. It emerged from a hummock of ground near King Street, where Hill had bought up any parcel of property in private hands. He acquired some lots from the city for a pittance.

Now Mellen announced that the Northern Pacific would build a $500,000 Union

Station in Seattle, heretofore shunned by the Northern Pacific. Of course, the terminal would be near the NP harborside holdings on Yesler Way. The Hill lines would be allowed to use the station—for a respectable fee, of course.

Hill's blood pressure soared when he heard this news in St. Paul. He ordered steam up on the fastest GN locomotives for a special train to the Coast. On his arrival, he told the press that he too favored a Union Station, but, he added significantly, it would have to be away from the waterfront. And again he did not hesitate to threaten:

"I am strongly in favor of a terminal arrangement in Seattle by which both lines will be on the same footing, but if this cannot be done the Great Northern will conduct its operations from some point 25 or 30 miles from Seattle. This would mean a stub train from Snohomish, and Seattle off the main line of the road."

But Hill realized that it would cost the GN millions to make good this threat. And the pocket nerve was one of the most sensitive in his robust body. His agents stormed City Council meetings. They pounded the oak tables and told Seattle's political rulers that the Northern Pacific waterfront terminal arrangement would require the condemnation of many blocks of warehouses and sheds. Steamship companies sustained this objection. And over and over, Judge Burke reminded proud Seattle that Tacoma had been the first love of the NP, only the Alaskan trade making the Northern Pacific aware of Seattle's charms and advantages.

Maurine Neuberger

Why it would be difficult to expand track facilities at Union Station. Yards bump smack into steep hillside covered with commercial buildings. That's Milwaukee Road catenary

In 1900 the City Conncil decided by a vote of 12 to 1 to authorize construction of a station at the southern mouth of the tunnel Hill had blasted beneath the business district.

HILL'S VICTORY was complete, but he decided to make it more so. He once had indicated his willingness to call his terminal Union Station, but this would indicate a certain compromise with the Northern Pacific, which also would use its facilities. Why not call it King Street Station? After all, this would herald the precise location of the new depot to even the most bewildered railroad traveler. The NP squawked faintly, and then swallowed this bitter capsule.

Hill constructed the station extravagantly. It would be a symbol of Great Northern su-

C. T. Steeb

Out from 5141-foot tunnel under heart of city comes Great Northern train, block-and-a-half away from King Street Station. Northern Pacific trains do l kewise

premacy in Seattle. For a time the magnificent spire was the city's loftiest landmark, although eventually it conceded superiority to the 42-floor L. C. Smith Tower, still the tallest building ever erected in the Pacific Northwest. The Smith Tower was put up in 1914, after King Street Station had dominated the Seattle skyline for nine years.

Folks still insist there is some mystic, psychological significance in the fact that the Northern Pacific's general offices in Seattle are in the Smith Tower, looking down on the nearby depot built by Hill, the great adversary of Mellen.

Thousands of GIs returning from the Aleutian Islands and Alaska at the end of World II received their first homeward glimpse of the beloved U. S. A. in the form of the pointed pinnacles of King Street Station and the L.C. Smith Tower, as Army transports plowed the briny waters of Elliot Bay.

In constructing a lavish railroad station in Seattle, Hill also asserted his defiance of E. H. Harriman, who had chosen Port-

How wide the gap! Union Station, separated only by Fourth Avenue from King Street Station, may have to come down, though not as old as Great Northern's red-bricked edifice
Maurine Neuberger

land as the terminus for Union Pacific trains operating in the broad valley of the Columbia River. Surely no terminal on the Harriman route to the Northwest could compare with the lordly edifice the Great Northern had reared at the end of its tunnel beneath the Seattle business district.

King Street Station fixed the immediate routes of the railroads serving Seattle. The Northern Pacific came up from Tacoma on many arrow-like tangents and into the gleaming new depot. Ironically, the *North Coast Limited* of the NP is now the longest train rolling into Jim Hill's station. It must be broken into two sections to occupy the limited platform tracks.

Actual construction of King Street Station began on January 1, 1905. Its exterior was finished that year, but the first train did not blow smoke through its shed until May 10, 1906. This was a Great Northern passenger pulled by a Burlington locomotive. The train was due at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and a crowd gathered to watch it emerge from the mile-long tunnel. However, the pilot of the engine did not peek from the bore until nearly midnight. By this late hour the crowd had long since dispersed.

Seattle Times

King Street Station, with modern escalator installed several years ago, eases path to waiting room for patrons of GN and NP, who will be joined by UP and Milwaukee riders if Union Station goes

Jim Hill's triumph was marred slightly because the GN could get into Portland only over the tracks the NP had built southward from Puget Sound. But, conversely, these tracks were the sole access Harriman's Union Pacific had to the booming seaports of Tacoma and Seattle. After Hill and Harriman had waged their great struggle for control of the Northern Securities Company, finally dissolved by order of the U.S. Supreme Court, relations between the two railroad titans eased somewhat.

Still there was not sufficient friendliness to permit their lines to use the same station. In 1911 the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company constructed Union Station, close to King Street Station. Union Pacific trains immediately began operating out of the new station. Union Station lacked the soaring spire of King Street but had a pleasant dome, instead. The first train of the Milwaukee Road came to Seattle in 1909, stopping at King Street, but transferring allegiance across Fourth Avenue to Union Station when it was built.

Today, two tracks at Union Station have Milwaukee overhead trolley wires, but it is in Tacoma that Milwaukee trains originate.

Manwaring & Entwistle, Seattle

NP's transcontinental, *North Coast Limited*, pulls out of King Street Station for Chicago, but GN operates more passenger trains out of queen city than nearly all other systems combined. Light pattern alongside train indicates time exposure for dramatic night shot

IN KEEPING with the Hill tradition of GN dominance in Seattle, the Great Northern operates more passenger trains out of the queen city of the Northwest than nearly all other systems combined. The streamlined transcontinentals, the *Empire Builder* and the newly-named *Western Star,* leave Seattle in the evening for Chicago. In the morning the five-car *Cascadian,* hauled through the tunnel and up to the electrification in the mountains by a road Diesel, starts the 330-mile pilgrimage across the picturesque State of Washington to Spokane. In addition, the streamlined equipment of the *Internationals* makes three round-trips daily between Seattle and Vancouver, B. C., over the old route of the Seattle & Montana. On top of all this, the GN runs a passenger train each way along the pooled rails to Portland.

Then, of course, there is the *Fast Mail.* Behind three-unit Diesels, the chain of express cars leaves Seattle at 10:45 each night, pulling into St. Paul at 11 o'clock two nights later. This train represents the bulk of the mail and parcel post deliveries between Puget Sound and the Twin Cities. It is one of the Great Northern's most valuable schedules. It also helps to explain why the Great Northern continued to operate during the 1951 switchmen's strike when many other railroads all but shut down. Officials of the GN were afraid that a halt in service might jeopardize the lucrative contract for the *Fast Mail.*

But the very value of the *Fast Mail* government contract hastens the hour when Seattle will be a one-station railroad community. Into Seattle is funneled not only its own mail, but the bulk of the packages and first-class letters for Alaska. And Alaska since 1940 has had the largest proportionate population gain of any area under the American Flag: 74 per cent. This adds to the pressure on the restricted terminal mail facilities just west of King Street Station.

It is possible that Congressman Hugh Mitchell may be able to put across an alternative plan to condemn the freight sidings on the harborside of the GN-NP station. This would provide space for an annex to the building now used as a terminal Post Office. However, with the continuing expansion of both Seattle and Alaska, most postal officials believe this expedient would be only temporary.

Yet railroadmen and passengers in Seattle hate to think of Union Station being leveled, brick by brick, even to make way for progress. Old railroad stations are supposed to slowly fade away, too. It isn't in the script for them to be torn down.

Coming Next Month:

The

GENERAL MANAGER'S STORY

By BILL KNAPKE

E. G. BURDICK's earliest ambition was to be a railroader. His resolution carried him through many places to his big job—General Manager of the Southern Pacific's Mexican subsidiary, the Inter-California Ry.

NORTH BRANCH

THE TERM used in timetables and tourist literature at the turn of the century to describe the old Williamsport & North Branch Railroad was "The Picturesque Passenger Route". Its 44 miles of track gave Williamsport, Pa. a connection with the lumber and coal regions of Sullivan County. A carrier of natural resources, the railroad was once an important passenger line as well, serving the beautiful mountain resort of Eagles Mere. Born in an era of lumber barons, prospering in the heyday of oil headlights and wooden coaches and finally dying in the age of the automobile, the Williamsport & North Branch Railroad, one of the state's most colorful lines, commenced at Halls, a small station

MEMORIES

JOHN D. DENNEY, Jr.

10 miles east of Williamsport on the Shamokin Division of the Reading, and ran northeastward through Lycoming and Sullivan County, serving the towns of Hughesville, Sonestown and La Porte. The northern terminus of the road was Satterfield where it connected with the Sullivan Branch of the Lehigh Valley. The North Branch also operated the 3-foot-gage Eagles Mere Railroad, whose 10 miles of line connected Sonestown with the vacation resort atop the mountain.

The discovery of anthracite coal near Bernice, Pa., in 1859 was the main reason

Believed to have been taken at Hughesville, photo above shows W&NB *American* type No. 3 and train about 1888

for the construction of the W&NB.

The idea was fostered mainly by one Michael Meylert, a capitalist of no little importance, who owned large areas of land in that section of the state. He played a dominant part in the establishment of Sullivan County.

Meylert realized that a railroad would be necessary to develop his coal lands adequately. As early as 1851, he was instrumental in organizing a railroad to connect Towanda with Catawissa, Pa., but this plan never materialized. However on May 21, 1864, Meylert organized the Muncy Creek Railroad to build a line from Muncy to the coal regions of Sullivan County. This was the predecessor of the Williamsport & North Branch.

The town of Muncy was cool to the idea of a railroad and the terminal was changed to a point on the old Philadelphia & Reading known as Halls. Work was started on the ambitious project in 1866 and by the following year eight miles of track had been laid as far as the little village of Picture Rocks. Here the construction gangs put down their tools as all of the money that had been available for construction had been spent. Local legend has it that some parts of the line were laid with wooden rails as there were no funds available to purchase iron ones.

The unfinished Muncy Creek Railroad passed from the control of Michael Meylert and was reorganized as the Williamsport & North Branch Railroad in 1882. Four years later construction was resumed, only to stop again at the gorge of the Muncy Creek, 27 miles from Halls. There were no funds to build a bridge over the gorge, so here the rails ended and here grew the village of Nordmont.

All photos from John D. Denney, Jr.

Above: **What a relief to get away from those horsecars! Vacationists fled eastern cities to see and be seen at Eagles Mere. Rarefied atmosphere was invigorating to sportsmen, soothing to hay fever sufferers**

THE PROJECT was rescued again in 1893. This time, a group of Buffalo capitalists headed by John Satterfield and Henry Taylor, acquired the financially embarrassed railroad. With new capital in the project, construction men pushed the rails up steep grades through the North Mountain to La Porte and Ringdale and finally to a connection with the Sullivan Branch of the Lehigh Valley at a point known as Dohm's Summit, which was promptly renamed Satterfield in honor of the man who invested heavily in the project. After almost 30 years, Michael

Meylert's dream of a railroad through Sullivan County was a reality.

The struggling railroad continued in bad luck. Meylert died before it was finished and whatever plans John Satterfield had for the road vanished when he, too, died suddenly. At times the Williamsport & North Branch seemed alone and friendless. During the days of the close alliance of the two "anthracite roads," the Philadelphia & Reading and the Lehigh Valley, there were often rumors that the old North Branch would come into its own and form part of a trunk route between Philadelphia and Buffalo. These hopes were dashed however, when the Reading relinquished its control of the Lehigh.

Engine No. 8 shown at Eagles Mere was geared *Climax* for precipitous pull to resort spot. Man at extreme left was superintendent of n. g. line leased to W&NB

During the eighties, Lewis Lake or Eagles Mere, high in the mountains of Sullivan County, became a popular summer resort. The beautiful lake, the rugged scenery and the invigorating mountain air made it a mecca for those who wished to escape the heat of eastern cities; they also made it popular with lovers of hunting, fishing and swimming.

Eagles Mere at first was rather inaccessible. Passengers journeyed by way of the Philadelphia & Reading and the Williamsport & North Branch to the small station of Tivoli. Here, it was necessary to take a horse-drawn stage to complete the journey into the resort. Nevertheless travel to this vacation spot became so heavy that it was soon realized that better transportation facilities would be profitable.

A group of businessmen, including C. William Woddrop, Joel H. DeVictor, J. R. T. Ryan and B. Harvey Welch, organized the Eagles Mere Railroad in 1891. The summer of the following year saw the opening of the narrow-gage line between Sonestown on the W&NB and Eagles Mere, a distance of 10 miles. The line was almost immediately acclaimed as offering one of the most scenic train rides in the state. In 1901 the narrow gage was leased to the Williamsport & North Branch for 99 years at an annual rental of $5000.

The Williamsport & North Branch trains connected with all Reading trains at Halls. The first few miles of the line were through a fertile valley to Hughesville, where the offices and shops of the railroad were located. Northward from Hughesville, the scenery became more rugged as the right-of-way followed the Muncy Creek into the mountains. The station of Sonestown was a busy point; here passengers transferred from the standard gage for the trip over the scenic narrow gage into Eagles Mere. Real mountain railroading commenced beyond Sonestown as the trains battled the grades up to La Porte, county seat of Sullivan County, and on to Satterfield. The great trestles at Ringdale and Mokoma were built of huge logs from nearby forests.

Passengers never grew tired of the scenery on the 10 mile ride over the narrow gage from Sonestown to Eagles Mere. This line followed the turbulent Occohannock Creek, a famous trout stream. At one point there was a great horseshoe trestle surrounded with giant hemlocks. Dense forests and rugged scenery made the ride a never-to-be-forbotten part of a

Eagles Mere One-spot and work train on mountain trestle in 1892, the year the 10-mile narrow gage line was completed, replacing stage line. Little road's trestles were built of logs taken from surrounding forests

vacation at Eagles Mere. The station names of Occohannoci, Shawondasse, Wenona Falls, Shannerberg and Castle Rock were as picturesque as the surrounding scenery. The beautiful lake, over a mile and a quarter long and 2500 feet above sea level, was the goal of the mountain railroad.

The Williamsport & North Branch was kept busy in its heyday. During the week five trains were scheduled in each direction between Halls and Sonestown, with two of these trains going through to Satterfield. Sunday and holiday service consisted of one train in each direction between Halls and Sonestown. The W&NB at one time operated a train through from Halls to Towanda by way of Satterfield and the Lehigh Valley. This train made connections at Towanda for Rochester and Buffalo. During the summer months the Reading operated a Pullman buffet-parlor car service between Philadelphia and Sonestown for the accommodation of the Eagles Mere passengers. For a while, a Pullman sleeper left Sonestown on summer evenings, arriving at Reading Terminal in Philadelphia the following morning. With this fine service, only one change of cars was necessary between Philadelphia and Eagles Mere.

Eagles Mere and the railroad route to that mountain resort were much advertized by the Philadelphia & Reading in the old days. Much was made of the fact of the availability of the Pullman car service to the resort and of the beautiful scenery in the Eagles Mere region. One writer in an old Reading tourist publication of the turn of the century, referred to Eagles Mere as emphatically "a region of rest, yet the opportunities for healthful activity are limitless. Ample provision is made for rational enjoyment— ball and croquet grounds, tennis courts, music . . . A very admirable feature of the region is the absence of fashionable dissipation, ostentatious display and late hours, and the prevalence of a high moral tone, which makes it particularly commendable to the heads of families."

The Williamsport & North Branch's freight traffic was mainly in products of the mine and the forest. Many tons of anthracite coal from the mines around Bernice and Satterfield came down over the road to the Reading at Halls. Besides the various lumber camps along the line, there were furniture factories at Hughesville and Picture Rocks, and tanneries at La Porte and Muncy Valley, together with several other industries.

A lumber road known as the Susquehanna & Eagles Mere Railway connected with the Eagles Mere Railroad near Eagles Mere. The S&EM was a narrow gage owned by Charles Sones and operated in connection with his lumber business. This road brought lumber and bark from points such as Masten and Hillsgrove. There was an additional rail laid on the Williamsport & North Branch from Sonestown to Muncy Valley so that loads of bark could be run through from the Susquehanna and Eagles Mere Railway to the tannery operated by Sones.

The first trains over the old Muncy Creek Railroad were pulled by a woodburning locomotive of the *American* type. The first engine used by the Williamsport & North Branch was Number 3, a small 8-wheeler trimmed in brass. During the boom days of the road, as many as nine locomotives were on the roster. Most of the engines were turned out of the Baldwin Locomotive Works. As the road was one of the lines that made use of anthracite coal for fuel, many of the locomotives were Camelbacks, some of them former Philadelphia & Reading engines. The Williamsport & North Branch also experimented with a Shay type engine for pulling trains over the heavy grades. However this locomotive proved too slow in getting over the road and was replaced by more conventional power.

The first locomotive to be used on the narrow gage to Eagles Mere was Number 1, a woodburning *American* type with a diamond stack. This was followed by another 8-wheeler. However these locomotives did not prove practical and they were replaced by geared locomotives built by

the Brooks Locomotive Works of Dunkirk, New York. Engine Number 8, a *Climax,* saw many years of service hauling vacationists up to Eagle Mere.

The story is still told of North Branch engine Number 16, a high-wheeled Camelback. On the evening of October 5, 1905, she was pulling train 526, the southbound passenger between Satterfield and Halls. Just below Ringdale, the engine was demolished by a boiler explosion, killing Engineer David Davis and Fireman Cleon Carhsner. None of the passengers on the train were injured. Back in 1903, three men had been killed in an accident on the road when a train crashed into some loaded cars on a siding at Lake Makoma, a mile south of La Porte.

Although a popular tourist line the Eagles Mere Railroad fell into financial difficulties. H. L. Geyelin and Joel H. DeVictor were appointed receivers for the road in 1911 and in the fall of that year, the line was sold under foreclosure for $20,000 to a bondholders committee. The company was reorganized the following year under the same name.

The railroad looked to coal, lumber and tourists as its main source of revenue. The exhaustion of the coal mines and the timber lands brought a slump in the revenues. The company went into receivership in 1917 and in 1921 it was reorganized as the Williamsport & North Branch Railway. This was the beginning of the declining years. The golden age had passed. Improved roads were built into the region and much of the passenger traffic to Eagles Mere came by automobile instead of by train. No longer did parlor cars and sleeping cars bring passengers to Sonestown as they did in former days. Lack of traffic and increased costs spelled the doom of the picturesque narrow gage that ran up the mountain to Eagles Mere. On October 8, 1923, the last narrow-gage train left Eagles Mere for Sonestown.

Things were no better on the Williamsport & North Branch. The reduction of the timber supply meant the close of the lumber camps and tanneries along the line. The company discontinued passenger trains between Halls and Satterfield on August 26, 1926, and after that devoted all of its efforts to freight service.

By the thirties, freight service had been reduced to only one daily (except Sunday) run over the line. This train pulled out of Hughesville about half past six in the morning and ran to Halls, where it picked up cars from the Reading. At 7:40, the freight pulled out of Halls for its 3-hour run over the line, making the necessary set offs and pick ups between Halls and Satterfield. If the train was on time, the return trip commenced at Satterfield at 11:45 and arrived at Halls at about four in the afternoon. After switching at Halls, the train returned to Hughesville, ending the day's operations. When there was not enough business to justify operation of a steam train, the company operated a Ford truck on flanged wheels which hauled what freight was offered for shipment.

During the last years of the road, the motive power consisted of one locomotive, a *Consolidation* type leased from the Reading. The other Williamsport & North Branch motive power, once so active, had been retired. Rolling stock consisted of an old coach, a few flatcars and a leased Lehigh caboose.

The company could no longer stand the increased costs of operation and highway competition and in August of 1937 freight service was discontinued between Satterfield and Hughesville. There was irregular service for a short while between Hughesville and Halls but the last chapter came on October 11, 1937, when this service was discontinued, ending over 70 years of train service in the Muncy Creek Valley. Scrap trains took over on the *W&NB* in the spring of 1938.

Salvage operations were often delayed by derailments, but by summer of the same year the "Picturesque Passenger Route" had passed into history along with the other abandoned short lines of Pennsylvania.

The author wishes to acknowledge the generous help of J. C. Starr of Hughesville in the preparation of this article. Mr. Starr was employed by the Williamsport & North Branch from 1889 until his retirement in 1938. He helped survey the narrow gage Eagles Mere Railroad and was also a conductor on that line.

THE LACKAWANNA STORY

THE LACKAWANNA STORY, *by Robert J. Casey and W. A. S. Douglas, 208 pages, Mc-Graw Hill,* $4.00.

This book will provide a number of hours of interesting reading for those who have little if any serious interest in the subject, but it will prove to be a disappointment to many commuters, railroad men, railroad students and historians who had been looking forward to a complete, well-illustrated, detailed and documentary history of the railroad, in commemoration of its centennial last year. The subject is far greater than the finished book, which does not do justice either to its title or to its dedication. Even if written by an author who had spent countless hours of research; who had dug deeply into the history of the railroad; and who had the necessary technical knowledge and familiarity with operations and personnel, the complete, comprehensive story of the Lackawanna Railroad and its important component subsidiary lines could not possibly be told either adequately or properly in 500 pages—whereas this book contains but 208 pages of text, and many are not strictly history.

Commuters will be disappointed because the line they travel over, the historic Morris & Essex, is lightly passed over in a dozen or so pages, which unfortunately contain a number of incorrect dates as well as errors of fact.

Railroad men, after reading the splendid dedication of the book: "To The Employees Past And Present Whose Toil Has Made Possible This Hundred-Year Record", will have a hard time finding many references to their forebears, if they were the toilers, but conversely, they will discover that a substantial portion of the book is devoted to the biographies, accomplishments and quotes of the various presidents and members of the board of managers. Even John Draney, one of the best-known locomotive engineers in this part of the country, is not mentioned —and he is almost a legendary figure, although very much alive and in his eighties.

Students, railroad historians and those who know something of the history of the line will deplore incorrect captions on some of the illustrations such as that of the locomotive *Madison*, credited with being in service from 1864 to 1874, whereas the locomotive illustrated was not built until 1880 and was running until 1907. Also, the locomotive captioned "The Luther Wright (Oswego and Syracuse Railroad) Pride of the Eighties", is in reality the No. 952, built by Schenectady in June 1905, subsequently rebuilt with superheater and universal valve chest, and not retired until 1938. This locomotive was preserved for posterity—an excellent idea of President Davis—exhibited at the New York World's Fair, and later equipped with a wood cab, to make it more resemble a "culm-burner" of the 1890 period. There is no record of a locomotive named *Luther Wright* on the Oswego & Syracuse in Mr. F. Stewart Graham's excellent and comprehensive list of Lackawanna locomotives, and the picture of the ferry *Binghamton* was taken a number of years ago when it was painted white and had a different appearance than today.

The story of the renowned *Phoebe Snow* is well done, and is a valuable addition to the book. It will bring back to the oldtimers who remember when she was on the railroad, the halcyon days of the Lackawanna when anthracite was king, and President Truesdale ran a spic and span, spotless railroad, the pride of the employees and a joy to the customers.

The Lackawanna, a great railroad, has an important, fascinating history, which cannot be told in 200 pages. The men whose toil made the railroad what it is today are the finest railroaders to be found anywhere, but the book isn't.

THOMAS T. TABER

ARMY RAILROADING

J. W. MILLIKEN

THREE YEARS in the Army had made me almost immune to surprises, I thought. But when the colonel told me our battalion would have to build a railroad to get the division out of the desert, my faith in resistance to shocks was gone forever. Often we had built roads or bridges to get ourselves into or out of trouble, but who ever heard of a combat engineer battalion in the United States building a railroad so the battalion

could leave a place where it was no longer wanted?

It was well we did not want to stay where we were any more than the War Department wanted us to. As a matter of fact, I think our desire to leave Camp Hyder was much stronger than the wish of the brasshats that we should leave. Our lack of love for Camp Hyder made it possible for the men to whip up some enthusiasm for what literally amounted to working our way out of the desert. Our desire to leave Arizona's wastelands helped minimize the dissatisfaction bound to result from poor tools and construction material, but perhaps I had better go back a little and explain a few whys and wherefores.

In September of 1943 the 77th Infantry Division was encamped at Hyder. This camp was just north of the Gila River on the line of the Southern Pacific, almost midway between Phoenix and Yuma. That part of the country is sometimes known as the Harquahala Desert. Our battalion, the 302nd Engineer Combat, was part of the 77th. The division had been in the desert since April of 1943. Six months later we were preparing to go back East, with all equipment, including vehicles. There was not yard enough to store the cars necessary for loading the equipment, nor were there loading facilities equal to handling that equipment with the speed demanded. The Espee could not build with its shortage of labor, so it was up to us to do it on our own.

To get us out, the railroad furnished material, some tools, and an adviser. By railroad standards what we had to construct was not much. There was about 1½ miles of track, including 6 switches, and a loading ramp. In addition we had to move a track and a switch somewhat, gravel had to be hauled to us in trucks. But with inexperienced help, poor working conditions and inadequate tools, we had something of a job.

Since I had spent some time in the maintenance of way department of the Pennsylvania before entering the Army, I was elected track gang foreman. My assistant was a fellow by the name of Charley Sears, a fireman from the Long Island.

Our adviser from the Espee, whose name I have forgotten, was a good little guy. Knew his stuff, even if he did argue all the time. He helped us a lot, but I doubt if I did anything but give him a pain in the butt. He wanted a finished job, naturally enough, but all I wanted was a road that would hold up until the division left Camp Hyder. I didn't care if the construction collapsed completely after that.

My first task was a loading ramp which would permit end-loading of flatcars. This

Two tracks were part of Army railroad construction to get division out of Camp Hyder. Westbound freight belonged to line of ubiquitous Southern Pacific agent

Photos by the author

platform was to be at the end of the wye's tail track. Now the tail track had to be extended some 800 feet to the platform. We built the platform first, simply because material was available. The ramp was easy, and the tangent track at the tail of the wye wasn't so hard either. Once the men became used to the idea there had to be a line rail and a gage rail there was little trouble. My men were natural spikers.

THIS comedy of errors wasn't completed without difficulty. When it came to raising the track, the trouble began. From that time on there was little but trouble. We had no spotboard, so I had the brilliant idea of letting the survey crew set stakes for me to raise to. After making sure they knew what I wanted, I went away to take care of another task. By the way, we were working after dark, under floodlights, because it was too hot in the daytime. We took advantage of cooler evening temperatures.

When I came back from the task, the sergeant in charge came over to me. He was not a railroader but he did have a lot of common sense. He said, "Lieutenant, there's something wrong here. I'm raising to the stakes, but this damn track is more like a roller coaster than a railroad."

I checked to see if he knew what he was doing. He did. Then I started checking stakes. I found that the survey crew obviously thought they were working on a highway. The ground we had laid the track on was by no means level, and the crew had set stakes so the track ran out from high spot to high spot. What we had was a series of inclined planes. It was fortunate indeed that the stub end of the track was higher than any spot between it and the old end of the wye. I let the men go ahead and raise to the stakes, and next morning when the light was better I raised out by eye.

Meanwhile, work at the east end of the yard had begun. New construction made it necessary to move one track already built, to get the 14-foot centers needed. Since Track No. 1 had to be moved four feet north, the switch would have to be moved too. Instead of disassembling this switch completely, our friend from the Espee advised, "pull it up." I had never seen it done before.

This trip wasn't necessary. Milliken's track soldiers worked tongs at night under floodlights to avoid desert sun and scrutiny of SP representative

"It's an old Espee trick," he said. "Have a locomotive pull a switch."

Camp Hyder didn't have a locomotive, but there was a 4-ton Diamond T prime mover with a good winch. We jacked up the switch, put it on rails as skids, and pulled the switch some 70 or 80 feet. It worked surprisingly well.

More hardship came when we started to put in other tracks and switches. Outside of our own inexperience, it was caused by a lack of proper tools. Our track tools, with the exception of some spike mauls, had been borrowed from the Espee. The old hand drill the road loaned us was in bad shape. It should have been on the scrap pile. The two bits that came with it were bad too. When the men drilled bolt holes, it took 45 minutes to wear a hole through the web of the rail.

And the two track chisels the Espee loaned us had been sadly mistreated for years. They looked like saws with missing teeth, and had lost their temper ages before. The soldiers put as much of an edge on them as they could, but the edge

would be gone after only one rail was notched. Fortunately our Espee adviser could not be with us at night when we did most of our work. We did much of our cutting with an acetylene torch at night, but when he was around there was no using the torch. He was no dummy; he must've known how we were cutting rail.

After four or five nights of such work I was rather tired and began seeing two rails everywhere when there was only one. I decided I had better get a night's sleep. I hated to do it but it was necessary. At the time I left for my sack the men were putting in a crossover. When I went back in the morning I almost wished I hadn't gone to bed. On the night crew was a lad who had passed himself off as a section foreman from the Pennsylvania. I don't doubt he worked for the Pennsy, but I shudder to think he was ever a foreman.

While I was away he had convinced everyone he knew all the answers. Then he proceeded to finish the crossover. All he did was use the gage rail on the turnout side as the line rail. As if that wasn't enough he made his line rail through the turnout as straight as a poker. That meant the turnout was sharp, much sharper than ever intended by the man who designed the No. 8 switch. It was decidedly unsafe for almost anything, from a pushcar to a locomotive. I had to reline every foot of track from the heel of the points through the frog, on both switches of the crossover. More time lost. Of course, that was more-or-less normal for the army.

From that time on I worked a good 18 hours a day. Not that this stopped the mistakes, or that I didn't make some on my own, but there were no more like that crossover.

WHEN the crossover was in, construction went on and on. Moving the east leg of the wye was difficult because it seemed almost concreted in the ground. This moving problem was solved by making a break in the rail and using a bulldozer to line the track into approximate position. Then we rejoined at the break.

That wye was a sort of Jonah. Soon after lining by 'dozer, the soldiers needed a car of material moved from the west leg of the wye to the east leg. Our motive power was a 1½-ton truck. Getting the car up onto the tail track wasn't difficult. Moving the car down to the east leg wasn't hard either, but the switch stand, one of those high ones with the flag about 7 feet above the ground, managed to get in our way. At least that's what I was ready to swear to when it came tumbling down. It wasn't that the men forgot about the stand. The chain from the truck to the stirrup of the gondola simply wouldn't come loose, and the brakes of the gon were forgotten in the excitement. So, down came the stand. Broken through the base, the stand had to be replaced. Still more time lost.

When those ten days of Army railroading were over I was happy indeed. I never wanted to see another rail, for awhile at least. After we had raised all this track and gathered up the excess material, the time came for the division to leave Hyder.

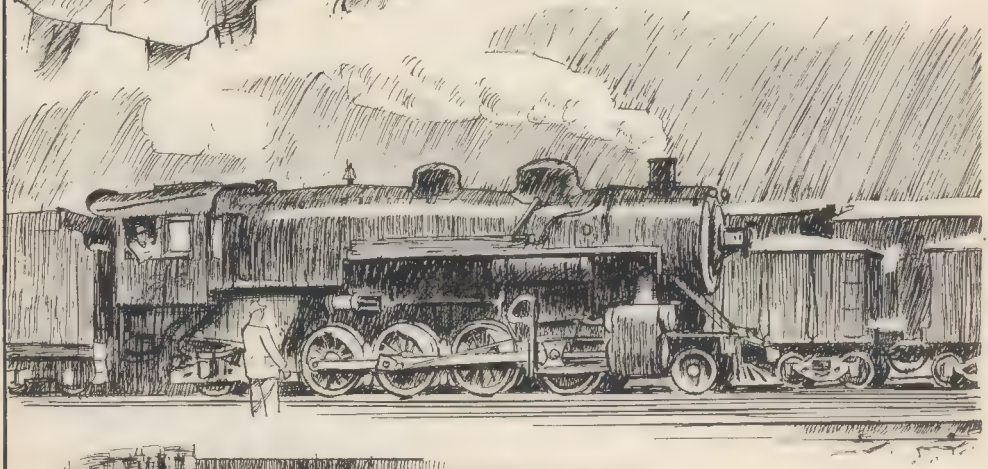
Then, came the ultimate in irony. The War Department decided it did not want us to take our vehicles and equipment with us on the move to the East. So, all that work was unnecessary. And the camp was abandoned shortly after we left. I hope the Espee benefited from all that effort. Someone should have.

Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233), showing the Ownership, Management, and Circulation of Railroad Magazine, published monthly at Kokomo, Indiana, for October 1, 1951. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Henry Steeger, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, New York. Editor, Henry Steeger, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, New York. Managing editor, None. Business manager, None. 2. The owner is: Popular Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, New York, Henry Steeger, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, New York. Shirley M. Steeger, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, New York. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. Signed, Henry Steeger, Publisher. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1951. Eva M. Walker, Notary Public, State of New York. Qualified in New York County. No. 31-9506600. Certificate filed with: City Register N. Y. County. My Commission expires March 30, 1952 (Seal) —Form 3526—Rev. 8-50.

ALONG THE IRON PIKE

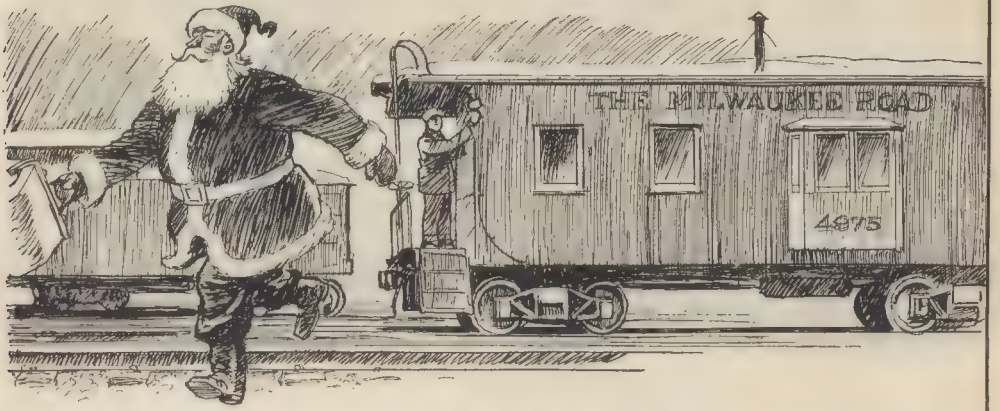
by JOE EASLEY

SANTA CLAUS PAUSED IN STOCKHOLM CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION TO LIGHT PIPE, INSTEAD HE LIT HIS BEARD. PASSERSBY PUT OUT FLAME BY DUNKING HIM IN WATER FOUNTAIN. ONLY INJURY WAS SANTA'S DIGNITY (Eleanore Jackson)



JILL MILLER, 18, HAS BEEN WAVING TO SANTA FE TRAINMEN EVER SINCE RHEUMATIC FEVER MADE HER BEDRIDDEN, SO THE CHIEF MAKES SPECIAL STOP AT HER DUARTE, CALIF. HOME WHILE CREW SHOWERS PRESENTS ON HER (Los Angeles Times)

SALESMAN EARLE PICKETT'S CHRISTMAS CARD TO SOUTHERN RAILWAY TRAIN CREWS IN GREENSBORO, N.C. IS WATERCOLOR GREETING ON PICTURE WINDOW OF NEW HOME BUILT AS CLOSE TO TRACKS AS POSSIBLE (Southern Railway Ties)



CONDUCTOR BEN CARR HAS BEEN COMMUNITY KRIS KRINGLE IN TERRE HAUTE, IND. SINCE 1924. IN 42 YEARS WITH THE MILWAUKEE, CARR HAS BEEN LATE FOR WORK ONLY ONCE. TARDINESS, OF COURSE, WOULD VIOLATE SANTA TRADITION (Milwaukee Road Magazine)

CHRISTMAS DISPLAY OF MILWAUKEE ROAD CAR FOREMAN T. P. SCHMIDT ATTRACTS HUNDREDS IN COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA. ELECTRIC SANTA TURNS, BLINKS, WAVES, TUGS AT LINES, WHILE HEADS, LEGS AND BODIES OF REINDEER MOVE AS IF IN MOTION, AND CAROLS POUR FROM MINIATURE CHAPEL (Council Bluffs Nonpareil)

DISTAFF DISPATCHER

PETER JOSSERAND

Women Just Cannot Dispatch Trains, Except Indianapolis' Phyllis Vohland

PIONEER of many revolutionary ideas, the New York Central now has done the impossible. Contrary to thought, tradition and practice, it has developed a bigtime woman train dispatcher.*

Being a dispatcher myself, I know all the reasons why it just can't be—ordinarily. Women are temperamental, nervous, unstable. They lack the stamina required for the grind of directing train movements. They simply can't take it. It is not that they are unable to attain the required mental speed; it is simply that they can't sustain it under pressure.

One doctor says the mental strain of dispatching is equalled only by that of a general in battle. No, women are not made of material essential to generals and train dispatchers.

*Durham & Southern's Miss Dora Whitaker has been a full-fledged dispatcher since 1932, a 57-mile job not comparable to bigtime dispatching on the New York Central.

Whether or not women can stand up to the job of dispatching trains has long been a moot question; but Phyllis June Vohland seems never to have heard of the debate as she goes serenely about her job at NYC's Indianapolis office

New York Central Headlight

Dispatcher energy is the equivalent of that used by the athlete in a race, and who ever heard of a woman athlete running an eight-hour marathon five days a week?

All of which is quite convincing, except that Miss Phyllis June Vohland, 26-year old dispatcher in the NYC Indianapolis office, is demonstrating the fallacy of this long-established reasoning. How did it come about?

No, Miss Vohland wasn't born into a railroad family. She was born in a town which does not even have a railroad, Clarksburg, Indiana, on July 30, 1925. Her father owns and operates one of the finest floral gardens in the state, with the assistance of one brother. Her other brother is an officer in the air force. It was mostly by chance that when she finished high school she enrolled in a war workers training course sponsored by the New York Central.

It was a fortunate choice, for she liked railroad work and finished her courses in telegraphy and station accounting with high grades. Then she was assigned to the agent at Rushville, Indiana for "on-the-job" training. That was in August 1945. Next month she passed the required examination and qualified as agent and operator.

Being interested in everything and everybody connected with railroad operation, and not being afraid to ask questions, she learned fast. As one fellow puts it, "She has a steel trap mind, never forgets what she is told."

During the war the railroads hired many women operators, mostly with indifferent results. Mainly, they were always in the dispatchers' hair, before disappearing from the railroad via Matrimony Avenue.

Not so with Miss Vohland. She was fascinated by the hustle and bustle of wartime railroading and was determined to learn. She never turned down an assignment, no matter how rough. She was always available. Her energy was boundless.

In addition to the lighter OS jobs, she learned to work interlockers and tied into the heaviest assignments. According to the dispatchers she worked with, she made a top hand quickly in train order work, although not an outstanding telegrapher.

About the only way a telegrapher becomes proficient is by working heavier and heavier circuits with good operators. There are still a few Morse men who could command top ratings in the days of press wires, bonus wires and hot relays, but alas, there are no such wires to work now.

So Phyllis Vohland only attained the experience to work relatively light Morse circuits still in use. This was no handicap, though, for a dispatcher need not be an outstanding Morse telegrapher. Most dispatching is by telephone, wire being used only when the phone fails.

She had been working only a few months when the chief dispatcher issued a notice inviting extra operators to come into the Indianapolis office and qualify on the car desk. Three car distributors were due for vacations and there was no one available to relieve them. That was her chance to get at another angle of railroading. Incidentally, she was the only extra operator to heed the chief dispatcher's notice.

It was 6 o'clock in the morning and the third trick dispatcher on the west end was lost in mental calculations concerning the right medicine for a flock of trains turning in a rather sickly performance, when he was interrupted by the opening of the office door. A plump blonde walked directly to his desk, and extended a dainty hand.

"Hello, George," she said, with a big smile, "I'm Phyllis Vohland."

Before George recovered sufficiently to

ask who the heck Phyllis Vohland was, she turned and introduced herself to the other dispatchers in the same straightforward manner, calling each by his first name. In a matter of minutes they were chatting like old friends. She makes it a habit to know everybody's first name and call them by it.

"Ever hear of Dale Carnegie?" George asked her.

"The name is familiar," she said. "He's in the steel business, or something, isn't he?"

She needs no coaching on how to win friends and influence people.

"Has a way of making a fellow feel like he's the most important man in the world," was the way one dispatcher put it. "And when she laughs, it's infectious."

On a trip to New York Miss Vohland gets an idea of the magnitude and complexity of the dispatching job at Grand Central Station. War-time manpower shortage had something to do with her getting into dispatching; but she's made good on her own

New York Central Headlight

SINCE it requires no effort on her part to make friends with everyone, she was free to concentrate on the business at hand—the distribution of equipment. Everyone helped her.

She picked up the complex work rapidly, never had to be told twice. In a matter of days, she relieved one car distributor for his vacation. She became so proficient in the art of getting the right cars to the right places at the right time that she was acclaimed one of the best car distributors ever to work in the Indianapolis office.

Being well liked, she soon became the butt of those inclined to joking, practical and impractical. They found she could take it—also dish it out.

When car-desk vacations were over, she went back out on the line. Some months later there was an upsurge of business and she was called back into Indianapolis on the car desk, a position temporarily created to take care of increased traffic.

It is doubtful if she thought of dispatching at that time. However, whenever she had a spare moment she spent it watching the dispatchers at work. One day a dispatcher jokingly asked her why she did not learn to dispatch trains. She toyed with the idea, considering it from various angles; and finally concluded she could master that job too. She sought permission to break in on the sheet. After all, she reasoned, none of the men invited to break in had shown the slightest inclination to assume the responsibilities of dispatching.

A dispatcher on third trick agreed to let her sit in, if it was agreeable with the chief. The chief agreed to see the superintendent. The super gave his permission for the experiment, probably believing it would only contribute more evidence to support the theory that women are not suited to such work. There was no encouragement—only permission in recognition of her excellent record.

Still working the car job in the daytime, she put in a full eight-hour shift three nights a week on her own time breaking in. There was much she had to learn. She realized she would be required to display abilities above those of a male candidate before being given serious consideration. First, she had to become an expert on the rules and regulations of the operating department. I was agreeably surprised to learn that my *Rights of Trains,* a technical book on operating rules, was of some help to her.

After breaking in, she was assigned as third trick operator in the dispatchers' office. In addition to telegraphing, she had to compile the morning reports which went to the general office, showing train performance on the division for the previous 24 hours. Such reports are tedious and must be meticulously correct. They are studied by the highest officials. It is excellent training for the aspiring dispatcher, for the maker has a chance to study train performance on the entire division, and, to a lesser degree, gets the same overall picture as the officials. Naturally, the experienced official interprets much more from the report than an individual with less over-all knowledge of railroading.

Miss Vohland learned to make the intricate reports with the same speed she had mastered other chores. Then the third trick dispatcher agreed to swap with her each night. She would sit in and dispatch trains, while the dispatcher would become operator, and keep one eye on his student.

She learned to figure running times; meeting and passing points; the proper method of issuing orders; the forms of orders to use in given situations; the abilities of operating men to get over the road—a thousand and one other items that enter into the science of train dispatching.

She had to learn to make decisions swiftly, and correctly. Having a retentive memory, she seldom made the same mistake a second time. After all, the good judgment of the experienced dispatcher is composed of the lessons learned through mistakes. The worst mistake a dispatcher can commit is overconfidence. She had no tendency in this direction.

WHEN YOU stop to think of the numerous heavy trains, running at varying speeds, whose existence depends on the sure, swift touch of those hands which hold the invisible reins on the iron steeds to guide their movements, you realize it is a huge order for one person, man or woman.

Miss Vohland continued to break in on the third trick job for six months. Then, one man became desperately ill and there was no extra dispatcher to relieve him. After a consultation, her teacher was shifted to fill the vacancy and she stepped into this spot on the west end—on her own.

Even though she had been an apt pupil and showed every sign of having the stuff dispatchers are made of it was an anxious time for those responsible. No one can tell just what a student will do when put on his own. Sometimes students take hold and develop into good, safe dispatchers. Sometimes they show ability to move trains but are not safe. Sometimes they are safe but never develop the finesse essential to good dispatching. It is a gamble a railroad must take to develop talent—there is no way to make a dispatcher other than to turn the candidate loose dispatching trains.

If the student turns out well, it still costs the railroad in the neighborhood of $20,000 to make the change because of delays and disruptions resulting from poor first judgment. If the student blows up under pressure, the money is still spent and the railroad has nothing. If a mistake is made that causes a wreck, the loss is increased. I have seen more than one chief dispatcher get antsy-pantsy over a student, who later made good.

It is not difficult to imagine that the officials at Indianapolis, having violated a long-established theory, were worried over Miss Vohland. It would be difficult indeed to justify their action if she erred. Others would only have to point to the precedent of no-women-dispatchers and say, "You should have known better."

It was on January 29, 1948 that Miss Vohland successfully passed the required examination on operating rules. The night she was assigned to her first trick dispatching, the railroad was in the clutches of a winter storm, with coal docks freezing up, engines performing badly, trains delayed and off schedule, crews tying up on 16 hours all over the district. Any seasoned dispatcher would have found his hands filled with the west end's 90 miles of double track with automatic block signals, plus 190 miles of single track in manual block.

It would be silly to say she proved a howling success right away. It requires months, even years of experience to develop a decent dispatcher. She had it tough the first night, as well as the second, and every night during the next two weeks. But she didn't get in serious trouble. And she had done as well as could be expected of any male under the circumstances. She had demonstrated her ability to keep plugging under stress. She neither backed down, nor blew up.

It is gruelling, nerve-wracking work. Unless students want to dispatch trains intensely, they are soon disheartened by the criticism thrown their way because of their poor judgment. The good student profits from such criticism.

Upon hearing of Miss Vohland I had written to my good friend, Joe Springer, secretary-treasurer of the American Train Dispatchers Association.

"She's the real McCoy," he replied, "an honest-to-goodness train dispatcher holding a regular assignment in the Indianapolis office. She lost no time in joining the ATDA and is right up-to-date in her membership."

And, I might add, she is the only woman to ever hold membership in that organization.

How do the dispatchers regard this intrusion? It does something to a man's pride to see a woman successfully perform work that has long been considered only within the capabilities of men. Again, there are those who are firm believers in the old adage that a woman's place is in the home.

Continued on page 145

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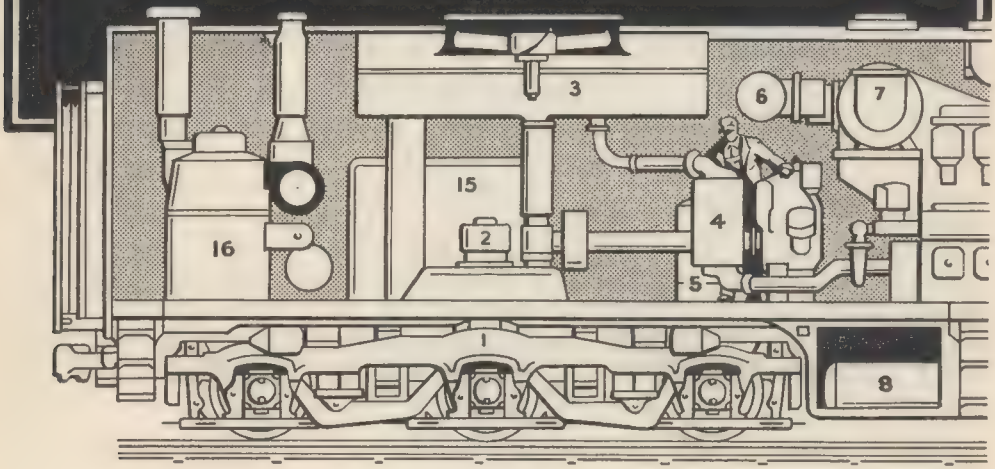
Light of the Lantern

THE MODERN DIESEL



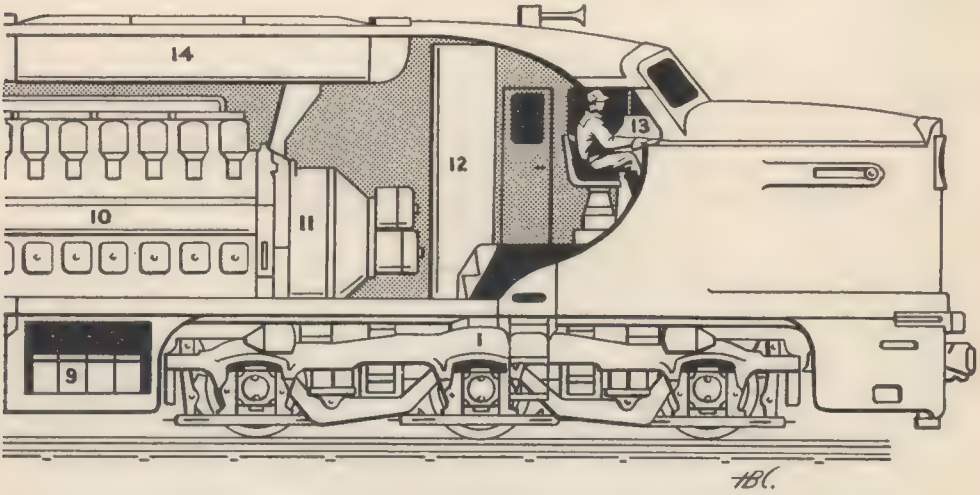
WHEN the Diesel engine was first applied to a locomotive back in 1924, steam engineers never dreamed that railroad history was being written. Some smiled at the innovation, a few ignored the tests completely, and nearly all were firm in the belief that the steam locomotive could never be outdone. It had taken nearly a hundred years, from the primitive days of Stephenson down through the eras of Walschaert and Schmidt, to bring this monster to a state of perfection. Surely a little internal combustion engine could never buck shoulders with such a powerful piece of machinery.

Yet in a period of 27 years we have seen a major revolution in motive power history. The puny shunting engine has grown into a multi-unit behemoth capable of hauling any weight of train which drawbars can hold together—drags and passenger jobs are limited in length only by the capacity of receiving yards and station platforms. With the ever rising cost of coal and the maintenance of extensive terminal facilities as economic prods, we have witnessed the scrapping of thousands of comparatively modern steam locomotives, the razing of coaling stations and water serving facilities, the consolidation of operating divisions, and flat acceptance of the fact that, barring a third world war, practically every railroad in the United States will be completely Dieselized by 1954.

In this, the first of a series of articles on the physical and operating characteristics of the modern Diesel locomotive, we will consider only the basic nature of the machine. Actually it is a self-contained electric locomotive—one which carries its own generating plant, instead

Arrangement of Alco 2250-Horsepower Passenger Locomotive

1. Power truck (driving axles: 1, 3, 4 and 6)
2. Traction motor blowers
3. Radiators
4. Lubricating oil cooler
5. Lubricating oil filters
6. Turbo-supercharger filters and silencers
7. Turbo-supercharger
8. Main air reservoirs
9. Batteries
10. Diesel engine
11. Main Generator
12. Contractor compartment
13. Control stand
14. Dynamic brake grids and blowers (optional)
15. Water tanks
16. Steam generator for car heating



of depending upon current supplied from wayside power stations by costly overhead trolley or third-rail systems. The duty of the Diesel engine is to turn the armature of the main generator, which for its part, manufactures the juice for the electric traction motors. Could the power of the Diesel engine be delivered to the wheels by means of a mechanical or hydraulic transmission, eliminating the electric drive, there would be a material gain in efficiency, but American engineers, possessed of all the know-how accumulated in the automotive industry, concede that *direct* drive, involving horsepowers in excess of 600, are impractical at the present time. They are watching, with open minds but considerable skepticism, the efforts of motive-power designers of the British Railways to produce an efficient 2000 hp. mechanical transmission.

THE DIESEL ENGINE, itself, is the practical application of a simple law of thermodynamics, namely: that a gas grows hot as it is compressed. Doctor Rudolph Diesel simply substituted this heat of compression for an electric spark to create explosions in the cylinders of his internal combustion engine. Designed primarily for marine work, his power plant was extremely heavy in relation to power output and the first commercial Diesels produced in this country still showed an unfavorable ratio of 250 pounds per horsepower—or ten times that of a comparably powerful gasoline engine.

Today, as the result of endless experimentation and refinement, our big railroad units are capable of developing 1 horsepower for every 17 pounds of engine weight. The question then arises: What makes the Diesel so efficient and why

can't the same results be obtained with an ordinary gas engine?

The main reason is that we get an unusually high compression ratio with the Diesel—about 16 to 1, as compared with 7 to 1 in the most modern gasoline counterpart.

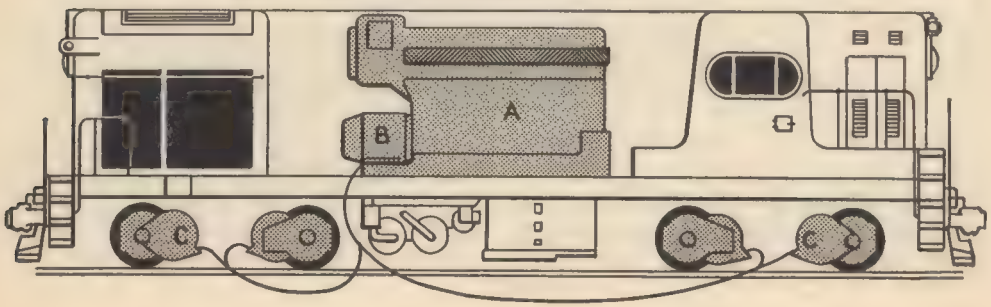
Increase the ratio in the latter and with today's fuel the heat of compression produces pre-ignition. That is, the mixture of gasoline and air explodes before the piston reaches the top of its stroke. In the Diesel, however, only the air is compressed. Then, at the top of the stroke, the relatively inexpensive fuel oil, which need only be filtered thoroughly to prevent clogging the injectors, is forced by a pump at a velocity of close to 800 miles an hour into the 1000-degree heat of the compressed air. The resulting explosion leaves little fuel unburned, and produces an efficiency of over 38 percent. Believe it or not, the amount of oil used for each power stroke is about the size of a pea! Thus a long passenger train may be run at better than mile-a-minute speeds and consume only 1½ gallons of fuel per mile.

So, this question comes up: If a 16 to 1 compression ratio is so efficient, and there is no possibility of pre-ignition, why not boost it still higher? The answer is to be found in a study of compression characteristics. Take an engine with a 4 to 1 ratio. Here the pressure at the top of the stroke is only 70 pounds, the temperature of the compressed air is 540 degrees, and the overall efficiency is about 25 percent. Raise the ratio to 12 to 1 and the pressure is 340 pounds, the temperature 880 degrees, and the efficiency 37 percent. Now compare this with our 16 to 1 ratio and we see that the efficiency curve is leveling off abruptly. For all practical purposes no further increase is advisable—16 to 1 is best.

THE ELECTRIC SYSTEM, despite its intricate maze of wires, relays, switches and contactors, possesses a high degree of flexibility. Fine gradations of speed and reversing control are obtained with a touch of a lever and with no great strain on moving parts. Units may be coupled in multiple to double, triple or quadruple the power of the aggregate locomotive while still controlling all the resulting horsepower through a single throttle. And on long downgrades this huge machine may be held to a safe operating speed by the flip of a switch which converts the traction motors into generators. As such, they may be made to set up a retarding force equivalent to that produced by the friction of hundreds of brakeshoes.

To better understand the mysterious force which performs these wonders, let's brush up on some fundamentals of electricity. It is customary to liken certain of its properties to those of water. A glance at one of our diagrams shows an

Simple as A-B-C. Diesel engine turns generator whose output is fed into traction motors geared to driving axles. Although there is considerable power loss, there are material advantages in electric drive, including minimum of heavy mechanical parts, and fine degree of control



arrangement consisting of a water tank, pump and turbine. Start the pump and pressure is created which causes the water to rotate the turbine, return to the tank and pass through recurring power cycles as long as the pump is in operation.

With electric current and a different form of apparatus, the same action can be obtained. Instead of using a pump, piping, a turbine and a reservoir, we substitute a battery, wire and motor. The electricity flows from the positive side of the battery through a wire to the motor and then back to the negative side of the battery. In place of *pressure* we have substituted *voltage*.

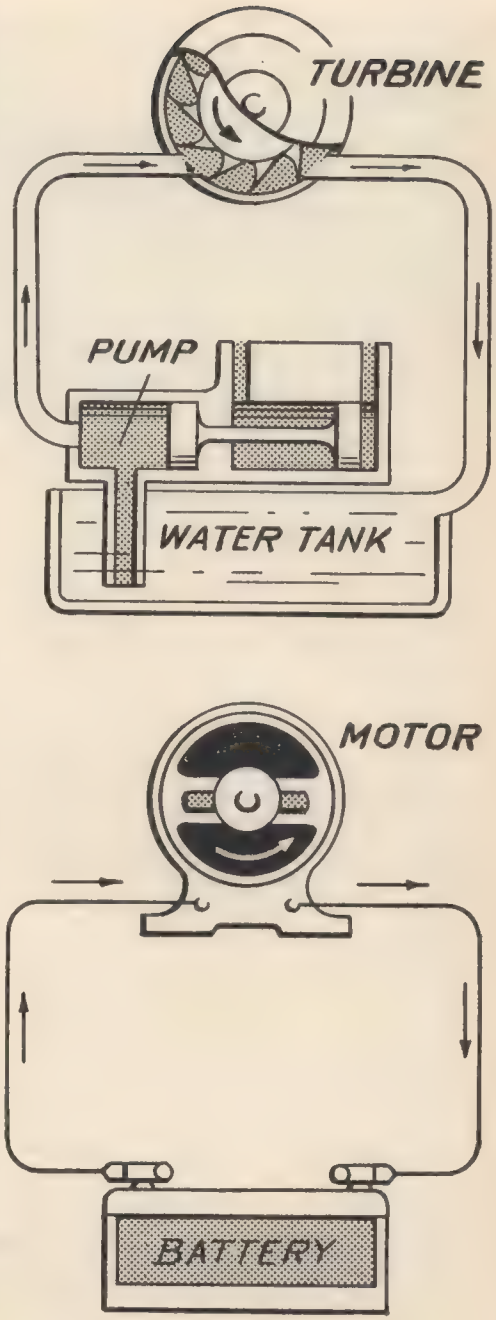
However, pressure alone is not the only requisite. We must also consider *volume*, which expressed in electrical terms means *amperage*. Just as a 1-inch pipe cannot produce the same results as a 12-inch pipe, assuming the pressures are the same, so a small amount of amperage will not be as effective as a larger amount, given the same voltage.

Experiments by early physicists produced the first crude batteries and the discovery that when a charged and insulated wire was wound around a soft iron bar the metal became a magnet having a north and south pole. When the current ceased to flow the iron returned to its normal state and immediately lost its magnetism.

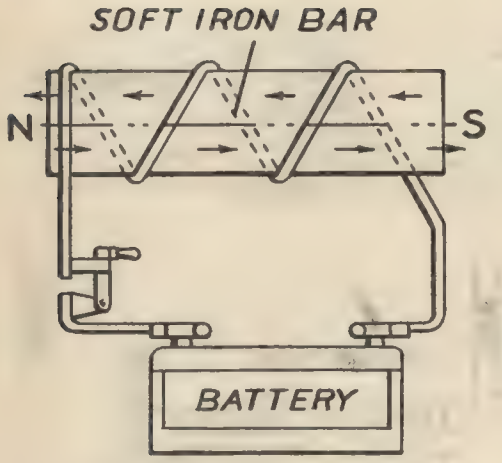
Then in 1831 the British scientist Michael Faraday found that a wire, when moved in a magnetic field, actually picked up current, which flowed through it just as it did when the wire was attached to a battery. Out of the discovery came a mechanical way of producing electricity in greater amounts than was feasible by chemical means—that is, with batteries.

The mechanical generator is basically nothing more than a wire loop, moving through a magnetic field. In one of our drawings we illustrate the principle in its simplest form.

Now, increase the number of loops and make the magnet powerful by means of wire coils through which a substantial amount of current flows and we increase



Electricity may be likened to water, battery is comparable to water tank and pump, feeding motor through positive wire, instead of pipes; then receiving return (negative) flow, to complete circuit



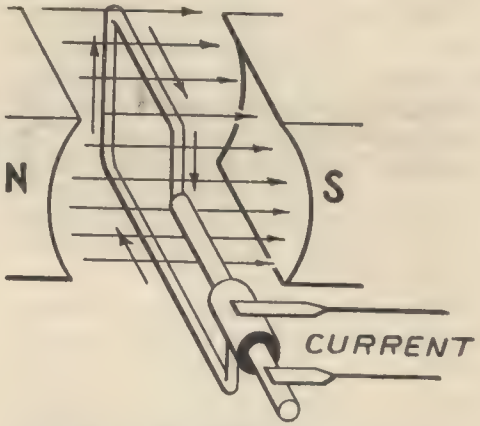
An electromagnet is created by passing number of loops of insulated wire around soft iron bar and attaching ends of this wire to poles of battery

the electrical output. Its voltage and amperage will depend directly upon the speed at which we revolve the loops, or armature, and the strength of the magnetic field.

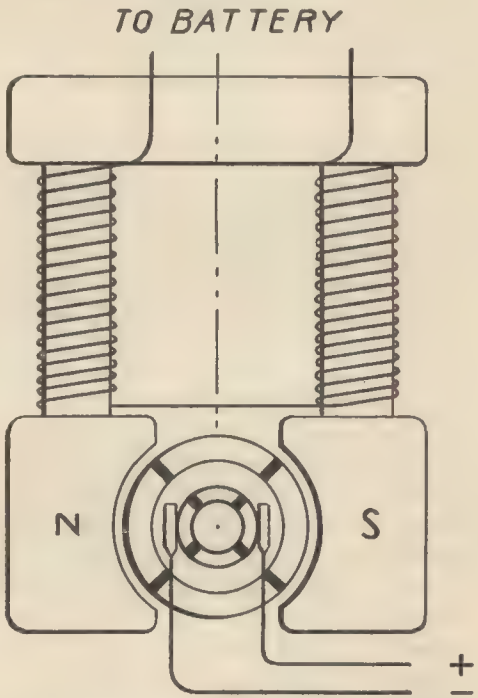
The motor, which will be explained in detail in a later article, might be described as a generator in reverse. Instead of drawing the electricity from the loops we pour it into them, creating two sets of magnets which attract and repel each other in such a way as to produce rotation.

AS WE HAVE stated, the Diesel locomotive generates its own juice and transmits it to the traction motors through wires, eliminating a mechanical clutch and gearing. The engineer, in operating this unit, has a throttle which controls the speed of the motor. Generally 8 notches are used to rev up the Diesel motor, in successive stages, from an idling speed of 275 rpm. to 800 in the case of two-cycle motors and 1000 for four-cycle machines. The voltage generated is always 600, while the amperage varies according to the load.

This is the Diesel-electric in its simplest form. In articles to follow we will consider the engine and its component parts in detail, the electric apparatus, transition, regenerative braking and the mechanical features which help produce the highly successful performance of this new champion of speed and tonnage ratings.



Principle of the generator. A loop of wire, rotated between the poles of a magnet, picks up current



Schematic plan of an externally-excited generator. Battery creates magnetic field and core, or armature, whose segments are wound with insulated wire, is rotated between poles of this field

Pete Summers

Not a pretty sight, but necessary for company records are well-handled shots of almost any railroad wreck

INFORMATION BOOTH

Each month the Lantern Department prints answers to rail questions of general interest submitted by our readers. We do not send replies by mail.

Q *Where are engine changes made on the Canadian Pacific's transcontinental limited between Montreal and Vancouver?*

A A *Royal Hudson* pulls the famous No. 7 for 990 miles to Fort William, 28 hours west of Montreal, and the longest sustained run made by a locomotive on the system. The second engine, also a *Royal Hudson,* takes the train into Calgary. One of the famous *Selkirks* hauls the 2881.4-mile flyer over the rough grades of the Laggan and Mountain subdivisions into Revelstoke. Then a *Royal Hudson* again picks up the train and pulls it into Vancouver. *(See picture on next page.)*

* * *

Q *Can you tell me about the recently-expanded Seatrain service?*

A Last November the Port of Savannah, Georgia was opened to Seatrain Lines service. On September 5th, the *Seatrain Georgia* came into New York Harbor from Chester, Pennsylvania to enter service between Edgewater, New Jersey and New Orleans and Texas City. In November, her sister, the *Seatrain Louisiana,* entered service, to help inaugurate the new Savannah run. Service to Havana, Cuba has been temporarily discontinued, and the *Seatrain New Orleans* is temporarily out of service. Other Seatrain vessels are: the *Seatrain Jersey; Seatrain New York; Seatrain Havana* and *Seatrain Texas.*

The new *Seatrain Georgia* and *Seatrain Louisiana* are each $4,000,000 vessels. All Seatrains are equipped with a mile of standard-gage track, sufficient to accommodate 100 loaded freight cars. The two new vessels are 20 feet longer than their predecessors.

The railroad cars are swung aboard by special equipment and secured by gear that prevents shifting, even in the roughest seas. The vessels also have a capacity of 12,000 barrels of liquid cargo in deep tanks. They carry Louisiana and Texas oil in these, and sealed cargoes in the freight cars.

The *Seatrain Georgia,* built at Sun Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Company's yards, is 503 feet long. She has a beam of 63.5 feet and a gross tonnage of 8300. Her cruising speed is 16 knots, backed by

Mrs. Nicholas Morant

Every night in the year, Canadian Pacific's crack transcontinental, *Dominion*, pulls out of Montreal's Windsor Station and heads for Vancouver, 2881 miles away, pulled by *Royal Hudson* type of 2800 series part of way

a 20 percent reserve. The new vessel, with a complement of 43 officers and men, is commanded by Captain John C. Wenzel of New Orleans, who has been serving in a master's capacity with the company for 17 years. Addition of the *Seatrain Georgia* to the company's fleet increases sailings from four to five each fortnight from New York.

* * *

Q *On Monday, August 13th, I saw an Erie train come through Englewood, New Jersey, about 4:30 p. m. It was triple-headed, with three 2500-series Pacifics ahead of 16 empty commuter coaches, bound for Jersey City. What is the story on this train?*

A A pipeline was being laid above the Erie right-of-way and during the preceding night a severe cloudburst caused a washout of 20 feet under the tracks, about 500 feet north of Piermont station, on the curve between Piermont and Grandview, New York, above the Hudson River. The dirt from the washout was arrested by a garage, about 20 feet below the Northern Railroad of New Jersey track.

The Erie had to annul Train 1100, the first of the line's three commuter trains

into Jersey City. Two new trains were sent out from that terminal, and turned at Sparkill, the first station below Piermont, to take the place of two of the three trains that were left stranded up at Nyack. Buses were hired by the Erie, to take care of Nyack, South Nyack, Grandview and Piermont passengers, who were carried to the two trains at Sparkill.

After the damage caused by the washout was repaired, around mid-afternoon, the three stranded trains: 1100, 1102 and 1104, were run down to Jersey City empty, as one train, so they could make their regular evening runs out of the terminal at 4:15, 4:40 and 5:35 EST, thereby releasing the other equipment pressed into service to meet the emergency, and saving the dispatcher the trouble of making out three separate orders.

* * *

Q *When was the oil-burning steam locomotive introduced in the United States?*

A Successful test runs were made of a Pennsylvania Railroad passenger train hauled by an oil-burning steam locomotive, running from Altoona to Pittsburgh and return, a distance of 228 miles, on June 17th and 18th, 1887.

* * *

Q *I understand that the B&O's Glenwood shops near Pittsburgh are now devoted only to the repair of Diesels?*

A Yes. The last steam locomotive, No. 1065, an eight-wheel switcher, rolled out of these shops on August 31st.

When the Glenwood locomotive maintenance shop was completed in 1919, it contained every modern facility for the repair of steam engines and it had a capacity of 500 class or major repair jobs a year. Its cost was more than $2,000,000. Henceforth, only Diesels will be maintained at this big shop, where the B&O has already spent nearly $900,000 of an allocation of more than $1,000,000 for the

Research lab of Rock Island saves *Route of Rockets* some $50,000 yearly, scientists in six-year-old Chicago South Side building testing everything from rat poison to structural steel, including metal that went into Harry Truman Bridge over Missouri at Kansas City

Rock Island

L&N history embraced old bridge across Green River in 1859 in steel engraving, and Louisville & Frankfort Railroad, one of many lines making up century-old institution
Courtesy Louisville & Nashville

installation of brand new Diesel facilities.

With the new installation for Diesel repairs now completed in the shop, it will be possible to do heavy repair jobs on about 200 Diesel locomotive units a year, besides handling repairs to component parts, such as traction motors, main generators, engines, injectors, governors.

The Glenwood shop is the most complete major Diesel repair facility on the B&O system, other important plants being located at Baltimore, Washington, Cumberland and East St. Louis.

* * *

Q *Give us a story on the Rock Island's research laboratory.*

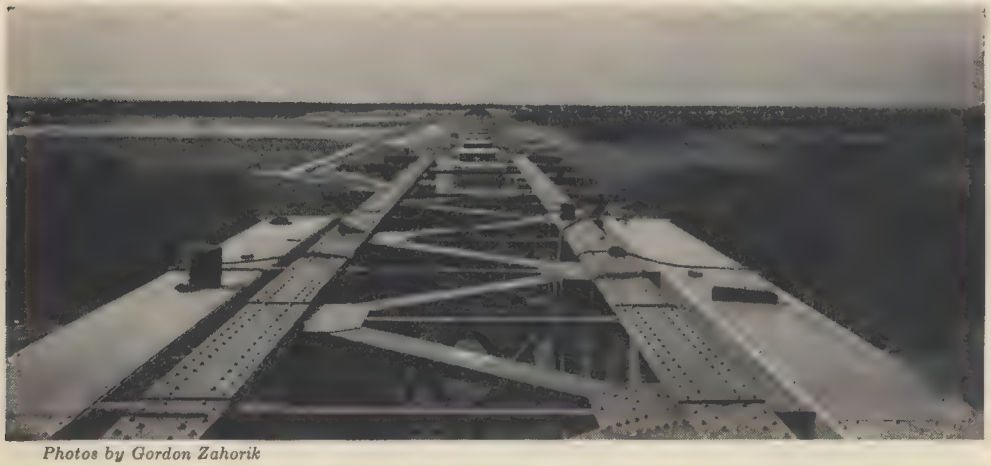
A An investment of $350,000 in a research laboratory is saving the *Route of the Rockets* $50,000 a year. The imposing looking building on Chicago's South Side is nearing its sixth birthday and thus has about paid for itself in cost, not to mention assurances of better products, bet-

ter methods and other savings. Here scientists test all equipment purchased by the railroad—everything from rat poison to structural steel.

Presided over by H. A. Schnitz, the laboratory is now working on paints. In the weatherometer room is a Rube Goldberg-type apparatus. Painted wood or metal is placed under synthetic sun and rain. One hour under this mixture is equal to 24 hours of similar real weather. Here the company learns just what to expect of paint when applied to buildings, signs, bridges, switchstands and scores of other purposes.

They test steel rails there too, and couplers and castings, Diesel fuel oils and rubber and lubricating oils. An x-ray machine will quickly turn up a flaw in the forging of a rail or a piece of structural steel. Inspectors even go out on the road to examine the steel already down to make sure weaknesses have not turned up. Manufacturers watch closely the operations of Rock Island's laboratories. From it they occasionally get an idea for betterment of their product; find ways of bringing about greater uniformity of their output.

It doesn't take long to determine the



Photos by Gordon Zahorik

Lot of bridge for branch line that has only one freight train each way each day. It's new span government is constructing across the Brazos for Katy near Whitney, Texas, Uncle Sam needing it for Whitney Dam, four miles downstream from bridge on Waco-Stamford Branch. Span called for 7½ miles of new track slightly north of old right-of-way

cause of a spoiled shipment of goods, but generally speaking, food analysis is left to others in the field better equipped for that type of research and testing.

Staff members of the laboratories are on the road, checking at factories items purchased by the Rock Island. Lubricating oils are among the most important materials used by a railroad, and samples of the oils submitted for purchase are carefully tested under the most exacting conditions and under much higher heats than an engine could stand. The scientists are interested in finding low-carbon content in lubricating oil. They need an oil with a good body to stand the beating it must take in the high-speed Diesels. Since oil on passenger Diesels is changed only once every 175,000 miles, it's necessary to have filters which can take it. Even the best of these must be changed every ten days to be sure impurities will not foul piston walls in the event they get through the porous tissues of the filters.

Water testing seeks new and better methods for treating the coolant fed to steam and Diesel engines alike. The advent of the Diesel has brought about new headaches, waterwise, for the scientists and chemists are constantly looking for better water-softening materials to prevent the clogging of the many tiny pipes. There are many different types of water in the area served by the Rock Island.

* * *

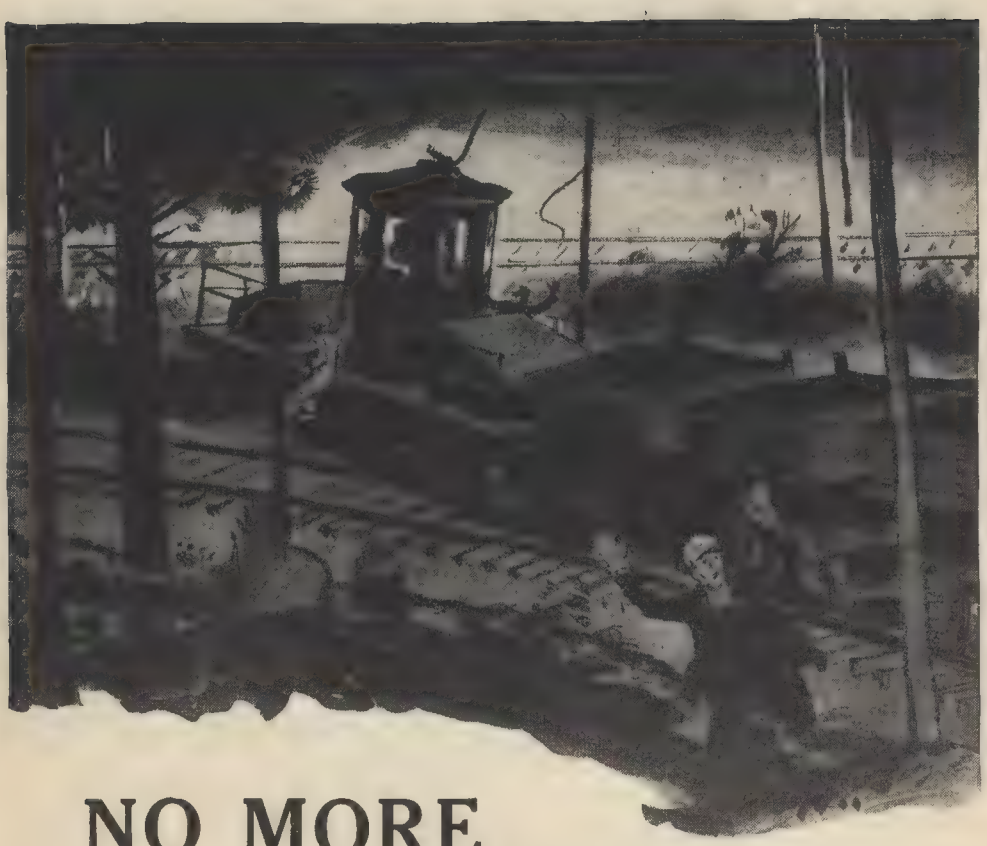
Q *Recently I ran across some 1860 stock of the Louisville & Frankfort Railroad. Please give me a history of the line and its fate.*

A The Louisville & Frankfort, one of the many railroads making up the century-old Louisville & Nashville, was chartered in 1847, to build a line of track connecting the two Bluegrass State cities in its corporate title. After buying out the interest of the old Lexington & Ohio in such a line, construction was started at both Louisville and Frankfort, with completion of the 65 miles of trackage ending on September 8, 1851.

Despite the fact that Louisville and Lexington were now connected by rail, through trains were not operated for a number of years. Passengers changed cars at Frankfort to travel the remaining 29 miles to Lexington over the Lexington & Frankfort Railroad. When the Lexington & Frankfort and the Louisville & Frankfort were finally consolidated on September 1, 1869, and thereafter operated as one entity, the Louisville, Cincinnati & Lexington Railroad Company, the citizens of Frankfort were highly indignant over their town being made a mere way station. Prior to the formation of the Short Line, as the consolidation was also known, the Louisville & Frankfort had undertaken the ambitious project of building a branch line from LaGrange to Covington. This was started in 1867 and completed in 1869. The Short Line was placed in receivership on September 21, 1874, regained solvency in 1877, and became a part of the Louisville & Nashville in 1881, after linking Covington with Newport, four miles away.

Vic Neal, Wellsville, N. Y.

B&O has converted Glenwood Shop near Pittsburgh to Diesel repairs exclusively. Tenderless *Consolidation* 3131 doesn't fit into picture, except as interesting sidelight on vanishing species. Derailed while switching on B&O-Erie interchange track in Wellsville, N. Y. few years ago, she had to go it alone to facilitate rerailing of tank



NO MORE WHISKERS...

EDMUND E. PUGSLEY

ON DECEMBER 30th, 1950, I swung off my caboose and walked into the little V&LI Ry. yard office to register my train on this 25-mile branch of the BC Electric Railway's 125 miles of interrurban lines. In my old club-bag were overalls, rain clothes, gloves, and a chummy old sweater that might come in handy in the garden in the years ahead. Under my silver-fringed bald spot was a 65-year collection of confused emotions, with one cold fact pushing for top place: I was all finished. Through. Done. OS'd forever as an active railroader. I had exercised my seniority rights as Number One Conductor for the last time. From here on in to that other, final terminal, the last man on the seniority list had rights over me.

I was gazing rather dazedly at that seniority list when the yard clerk asked:

"Well, Ed, how does it feel to be retiring?"

I rubbed my chin, forcing a grin. "Kind of bare," I said. "No more whiskers here. The boys should be happy about this: they'll all move up a notch—sprout one new hair each—all sixty-three of them."

Charlie jumped all right—straight into the night and a 12-foot sewer ditch!

I shook hands with those who were around the yard and wandered off for home, trying to orient my thoughts. Then something hit me square between the eyes and I turned and looked back down the old trail that I'd take no more.

"Chum!" a little voice murmured. "You'd better remember how lucky you are! Forget those seniority whiskers!"

And that's how I settled it. That's why, every day since then, I find myself feeling a little more thankful and, yes, a little

more humble that I was able to make it all the way in to the "Rocking Chair" terminal, with enough good health left to appreciate it. For a casual study of that old seniority list, where I started as the last of 14 and ended the first of 64, had shown me I could count on the fingers of one hand the men still on top of the ground who worked on this compact little railroad away back there when it was doing a major share toward making an overgrown village in the tall timber into a world port.

Maybe this little Vancouver & Lulu Island Railway doesn't stack very high in Canada's 45,000 rail miles; but you'll travel a long way to find another with a like proportion of service rendered to its community, or as great a proportion of sidings and yards to mainline mileage. And that's where real value is measured.

I remember some years ago the conductors of the V&LI were raising a grievance matter at the local division meeting of the Order of Railway Conductors, where all standard railways were represented. An old steam road conductor fidgeted for a time.

"Peanut stuff!" he growled. "Let's get on with the railroad business."

The chairman called the interrupter to order. "The V&LI may not be as long as the CPR, brother," he reproved. "But it's exactly the same width. And the CPR still owns it, even though they do farm it out."

That little road is still farmed out, under lease, but Daddy CPR keeps a paternal eye on the peanut stuff it rakes in. And there are probably very few freight trains leaving Vancouver that don't have a donation from the V&LI. The records of 1950 from one station, alone—Marpole on the Fraser's north arm—show 7854 outbound carloads—just about a fair week's loading for all Canada. Add to this 7482 inbound loads and 840 locals from this same single station and you get a fair picture of the reason the V&LI is recognized in through tariffs and courted by freight solicitors across the continent. Then glance with me at the BC Electric report for 1949 with its gross revenue reaching close to forty million dollars, its freight rolling up $2⅓ million from a million tons haul and perhaps you'll agree this could have been an interesting corner for watching Canada's greatest expansion.

The electric road was still on CPR timecards as a branch line when I took my first ride over it to Magee, six miles through the timber, Christmas Day, 1904. The trees were so tall they shut out the sun as I walked down the road and turned in at the gate to McCleery's farm, where a break in the timber brought me up short with a view that spread down over the flat green farm to where the Fraser River poured its 680-mile collection of muddy water into the Gulf of Georgia. Here this man McCleery, from County Down, had settled on 200 acres after tramping 400 miles into the Cariboo gold fields in 1862 and back again. Here he had married my father's cousin from Port Rowan, Ontario and settled to the job of carving a home from the wilderness, his only transportation a rowboat, his nearest market New Westminster, twelve miles up the Fraser, where butter often brought 75 cents a pound.

LOOKING BACK, I suppose it was only natural that a boy orphaned at nine should want to see Canada first, as I saw it from the St. Lawrence to the Arctic Circle before I was 21. For some months I roamed the lower district of British Columbia on the tail of the mining boom, dragging a surveyor's chain over part of the present Kettle Valley Line west from Beaverdell. But I think I got a bigger kick driving dog-team from Whitehorse to Kluane Lake for my sourdough cousin, Joe Lamb, then following the Yukon ice from Lebarge to Dawson with 'Scow' Henderson. It wasn't quite so funny the night we caught up with the ice in Hell's Gate and piled on a bar. We lost a couple of sweeps and our escape raft, and got a real scare. But we still got the first supply scow into Dawson.

That fall I was back in Vancouver, glad to get a job on the city streetcars, and two years later I'd transferred to the Lulu Island line, now powered by trolley, just in time to help carry the thousands of racing fans to the new Brighouse track. Equipment was practically anything with flanged wheels, including a set of flatcars rigged with plank seats and towed by a motor on another flatcar with a soapbox controller tower. On Sundays, for diversion we sardined them in for the longer ride of 15 miles to the salmon cannery town of Steveston near the Fraser's mouth. The automobile was a mere experiment then, but a ride on the electric interurban to the scene of the greatest Pacific sockeye run was something to write home about.

Settlers were pushing into the woods everywhere and what roads there were left much to be desired. Wherever there was a railroad, the people followed. The twelve-mile Westminster Line via Central Park was already doing a capacity job with rolling stock produced in New Westminster shops, where streetcars were also being turned out every week for the Vancouver demand. The freight department got what was left and some of it was pretty crude. It's still a wonder how we got by with so few casualties.

Governing rules, as well as equipment, were more or less in the experimental stage and this brought some serious consequences before standardization became compulsory. One of these was the Lakeview wreck, when a flatcar loaded with lumber got away from a night crew on a hill when the coupling failed. The car soon gained speed through the early morning darkness and met the first passenger car out of Vancouver head-on at Lakeview curve, where the deflected headlight gave the luckless motorman no warning. The lumber smashed right through the coach and its dozing human load and I think there was a toll of fourteen deaths from that sad morning's work.

One of the first major jobs for the V&LI was the Shaughnessy Heights material haul. Probably no other North American city saw its finest residential district carved right out of the forest. Donkey engines piled stumps and logs into mountains of wood and the resulting bonfires lighted the sky for miles around. Then the streets, sewers and water mains were laid and electricity and telephone service supplied so that residents could move right in.

Our job was to haul the sand, gravel and other material from the waterfront bunkers to the Heights. We were told we were lucky to have a supply of little link-and-pin dump cars, though they had no air brakes or other safety appliances. Workmen's compensation was then still a dream. We used the main line to King Edward Avenue junction, then doubled up the steep hill. To dump a car a pole was set under one corner and the car moved ahead till it tipped.

You had to be young and nimble to board those crates when they were moving. One trip, I remember I didn't quite make it when the motor took off down the bunker incline like a rock down a well. My hand found the iron grab strap on the rear end, but my feet went high and couldn't locate the wooden brakebeam. I was a sorry and sore sight when I finally picked myself out of the ties and limped down the hill. I don't know which scared that head end crew the most when they finally missed me half a mile down the hill and waited—my bleeding, limping, mussed-up appearance, or the blast of words I'd been saving all the way down. There were two other narrow scrapes in later years. Once I was knocked over the end of a flatcar, but managed to roll clear before the wheels caught me. Another time I went over the end of a boxcar as it opened right in front of me. My long reach saved me that time, as I found and gripped the brakemast on the way down.

One of that crew, Fred Vincent, wasn't so lucky. Riding in under the loading bunkers, he attempted to dodge from the leading car to a space between the support posts. There was no clearance and he was caught and crushed. I was glad I wasn't there to help carry him out that

day. I went back on that same job in Fred's place, and the man who took my place on another switching run was knocked from a flatcar and run over.

Down at the bottom of the big hill there was a safety derail that we had to reset behind us going up. It got plenty of tests during those few construction years —a simple broken-rail type that threw the motor off the track to the ties if it didn't get stopped coming down. It was a rough ride while it lasted, but usually stopped the train in a carlength, or so.

One night the crew didn't get stopped and went thumping down over the ties. The head end brakeman jumped okay and yelled at his buddy back on the tail end.

"Jump, Charlie!"

Charlie obeyed without hesitation—straight into the night and a twelve-foot sewer ditch. It took longer to dig him out and scrape off the mud than to rerail the motor and cars.

IN TIME, under pressure from union and government, a standard system of operating was adopted, standard equipment installed and the seven-mile subdivision to Marpole was double-tracked. Practical railroad men from the CPR took on the job of supervision. W. H. Elson and Ed Sterling came and remained through life as superintendents; Dan Stearman, dean of mountain dispatchers, was a notable addition to the inside staff a little later; and Bill Stormont was roadmaster for many years. Many other railroaders from road and office did a valiant job of making and keeping this busy little 'peanut line' in the straight-and-narrow path of safety.

Men came and went with the rising and setting of the sun those hectic days; some remaining just long enough for their records to catch up with them. One day a new motorman caught the job running the way-freight motor. He got clear of the freight shed okay and swung into Hastings Street. Then he wound up the controller and bore down on the whistle with both hands—two long and two short. I can still see the people scurrying for cover. He got by till he hit the one electric switch then under test. He hit it with controller at half speed. When the car shot into the side street he landed in the vestibule corner and stayed there long enough for the conductor to climb out the back way and get around to the front end with a full, double-barreled charge of indignation. That was Two-Fingered Harry's one and only trip on way freight.

For some of the ex-steam road men, the electric job was bad medicine, with its fast, frequent service up to 300 timecard trains a day. Sidings and stations were so close together they got by some of them before they had time to check. The juice, too, made them nervous when they were working freight. The trolley wire wasn't always up to standard height in those days and wet gloves might contact the trolley as a man waved signals; or maybe the wire would catch him in the back of his neck or on his ear. High loads, like donkey engines, were frequent in trains and it wasn't uncommon for these to contact a sagging trolley wire and ground it, sending showers of hot sparks down, or burning off the wire and bringing it down popping around the crew like a machine-gun. The boomers had a sudden date with the time office about then.

Fog has ever been the railroader's nightmare. For the motorman on an interurban line there's always the reminder that only a pane of glass sits between him and whatever is coming. Fusees are part of their lives then. But it's still tough to try to keep on time and seldom can it be done with any degree of consistency. Up in the office the dispatcher keeps a furrowed brow, an ear to the telephone, an eye on the clock, heaving a sigh of relief each time a conductor or operator reports a train on time, or nearly on time. It's when they get behind or get lost that he has to go to bat; and then he's just about the busiest man in the world. But it's the freight crew I always worried about. He had to find a hole in the fog between or among all this misplaced varnish, a hole big enough to crawl

into without hitting someone else or getting himself a smack in the tail. I know; I was a freight conductor.

One night I remember my crew was switching down on what is known as Industrial Island, a patch of reclaimed property in the middle of False Creek where about 40 industries are piled all over each other. It had been a long, weary day in the fog and we were all dog-tired by ten o'clock at night from a seven o'clock start in the morning. Down near the west end of the island I heard a truck and went over to investigate. The driver saw my lantern and called out:

"How do you get off this island?"

I swung up my light in his face, and managed a grin. "Well, mister," I said, "keep going straight ahead another fifty feet and you'll be off it in a hurry—straight into the salt chuck."

I got him turned around and climbed on to lead him up to the ramp. When I got back to the motor my motorman looked down and growled:

"Well, you'd bettter get hold of those two brakemen now and lead them around —before they walk into the creek."

And there was the morning not long ago when one of those new, pussyfooting PCC streetcars overtook my freight train on Kitsilano bridge and turned over our hot stove and armchair together. I was in the chair, writing my wheel report. You don't hear those smoothies till they're on you, though the brakeman was out behind with a fusee and red lantern. I was very glad when the change-over to bus service left this bridge free to freight traffic. Streetcars and long freight trains just don't make a good mixture, fair weather or foul.

Mechanical failures, too, have added their bit to the list of experience. There was the dark morning when a first passenger crew made its usual stop at Kerrisdale at the top of Marpole's two-mile hill, then romped on for Marpole and Lulu Island. Half way down the hill both air and handbrakes refused to work. Meanwhile the trolley had flipped off so the reverse wouldn't work. They zipped through Marpole on one side and, doubtless, a prayer.

In the front vestibule where the conductor had crawled, the two men huddled, staring for the bridge semaphore light. They never reported what they'd planned to do if that light had been red. But it wasn't. It was green and in about two more jumps they were over the half-mile bridge and joining the parade of milk cows on Lulu Island. Being the first car out, it was only a matter of time till they got stopped and looked for the cause of their trouble. A pull-rod pin had broken and dropped out, nulling all braking power.

That lesson developed a safety change, making possible a reverse by battery when power fails.

THE FOUR electric interurban lines of this company have had their share of ups and downs, but close interchange with the transcontinentals has on occasion softened the down trend. Two great wars have shown, too, the value of such key connections and their industrial traffic. Shipbuilding brought long trains of steel over the mountains to be hauled to destination by the V&LI motors. As each ship was completed the V&LI bridge over False Creek had to be lifted on scows at high tide and replaced at its ebb. Lumber, as always, was the major industry, with long trains started for the mountains and Britain by this same little road. One mill alone shipped up to 25 carloads a day during the big all-out call after the Hitler blitz. Thinking back, it makes you wonder how they ever did it.

It was in one of the troughs between these business surges that former General Freight Agent W. D. Power remembered that our electrified roads were still 4 feet, 8½ inches wide. While the head office was telling the men's committee they'd be glad to dispose of the interurban lines for less than peanuts, Powers slipped away eastbound. When he returned the West had a new tariff recognizing the BC Electric as a participant in transcontinental revenue. That deal, coupled with

When a high load contacted a sagging trolley wire, the boomers had a sudden date with the time office

a similar arrangement between north and south via Sumas-Northern Pacific, definitely put the BCE on the railway maps of North America.

Since then we've handled just about everything on flanged wheels, from a single fifty-car train of shingles from one mill to an eighty-car circus; a 1700-car material movement for the Alaska Highway to a quarter-million-ton coal-haul bound for Japan. The original fifteen canneries at Steveston have dwindled to three, but fish still makes good lucrative traffic over the little juice line—fish in cans and frozen fish, fish in oil tanks and fish fertilizer.

There's been a population increase of forty percent in the area served by BCE during the past ten years, with an industrial production increase from 247 millions to 960 millions. And the juice line is right in there with an eye to fostering this trade with power and general transporta-

tion. The bus has been given the green light just about everywhere, with the trolley wire already on its way out as power for the 64 miles of Fraser Valley line that enticed and carried settlers for two-score years. But there's no talk of the rails coming up. Four Diesel engines at nearly a third of a million outlay are trying desperately to take care of the freight business that continues to pour through the CNR interchange at Chilliwack and New Westminster and again at Vancouver; the Northern Pacific and the Milwaukee at Sumas-Huntingdon; the Great Northern at New Westminster and Vancouver, and the CPR at Abbotsford, Westminster and Vancouver.

If the flanged wheels have kept me interested on the road, the contact with railway labor organizations has likewise been a source of constant pleasure. The first agreement covering the territory between Vancouver and Chilliwack via Marpole, was compiled on my dining-room table in 1915. I have filled most of the division offices since then and I'm often greeted as "chief" or "pop". Today I prize nothing more highly than the honorary life membership bestowed on me by the organization for which I have so happily worked from my first day of membership—the Order of Railway Conductors.

Last June when my chum of forty summers and I came down the Fraser Valley via CNR, the people were growing restless for fear that another flood might repeat 1948's show. A few days later I showed my wife a newspaper photo picturing about 300 feet of track hanging like an Indian suspension bridge where a mountain creek had gone on a rampage. I asked her if she knew she had come over that same bit of railroad the last night we travelled.

"I was asleep," she remarked calmly. "Anyway, it couldn't have been like that when we came over it, could it?"

"Yes," I said. "It could. But I'm darned glad it wasn't."

Forty years is not long in the life of a nation. Yet since that Ontario farm and grocery boy got his first glimpse of the Rocky mountains, I'm convinced the railroads of Canada have done more to establish this widespread land as a nation than any other single influence or industry. And of the men who made this possible, I can think of no group who gave more and got less recognition than the men who rode the rails through the Rockies and Selkirks in those first thirty years.

A few years ago during a vacation I prowled the overgrown groove between the world's most fascinating lost scenery, once known as Roger's Pass. Later I contacted a few of the remnants of an almost extinct group of railroaders. I'll always feel gratified that the little story I wrote from that contact was instrumental in reuniting the two lone survivors of the great 1910 avalanche, William Lachance, who rode the avalanche and lived to tell about it—very reluctantly—and Johnny Anderson, the roadmaster who found Lachance that night after the entire train and crew of 58 had been buried.

It's been quite a trip, via the Peanut Line of the V&LI and all its contacts, through to the Rocking Chair Terminal. I'm happy to say I can think of many good friends I've made and of no bad friends. And I think I can lay aside my 43 years of seniority "whiskers" feeling eternally thankful that if I ever accumulated any malice toward any man, it has vanished as completely and unimportantly as those same old bristles.

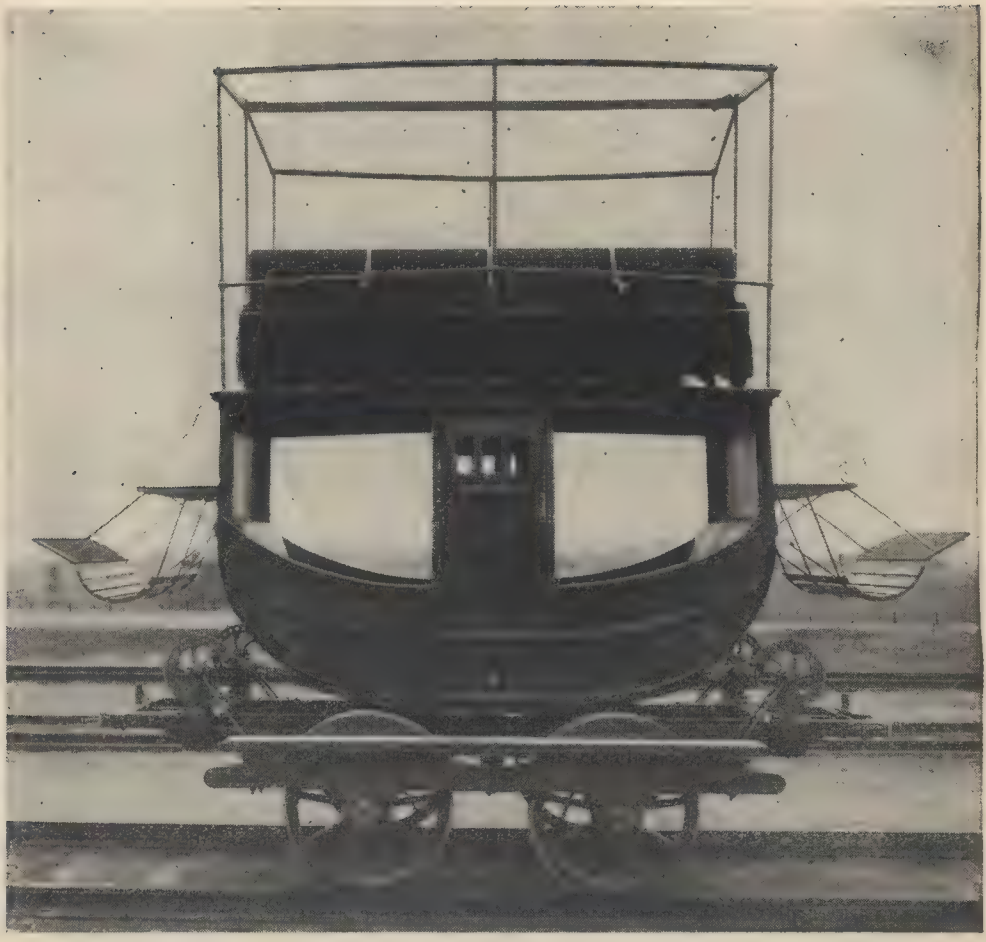
I remember playing around with a verse of Benjamin Taylor's once, and coming up with something like this:

A wonderful stream is the River Time,
As we dream by its waters flowing.
For it carries the deeds of a vigorous prime,
With mem'ries sweet as an organ chime,
Of friends we are better for knowing.

The "Chief Dispatcher" willing, I hope to have leisure now to associate with more of those good old friends and perhaps discover a few new ones.

Back in the Days **Harry Temple**

'52 Clear 12:01 (a.m.)

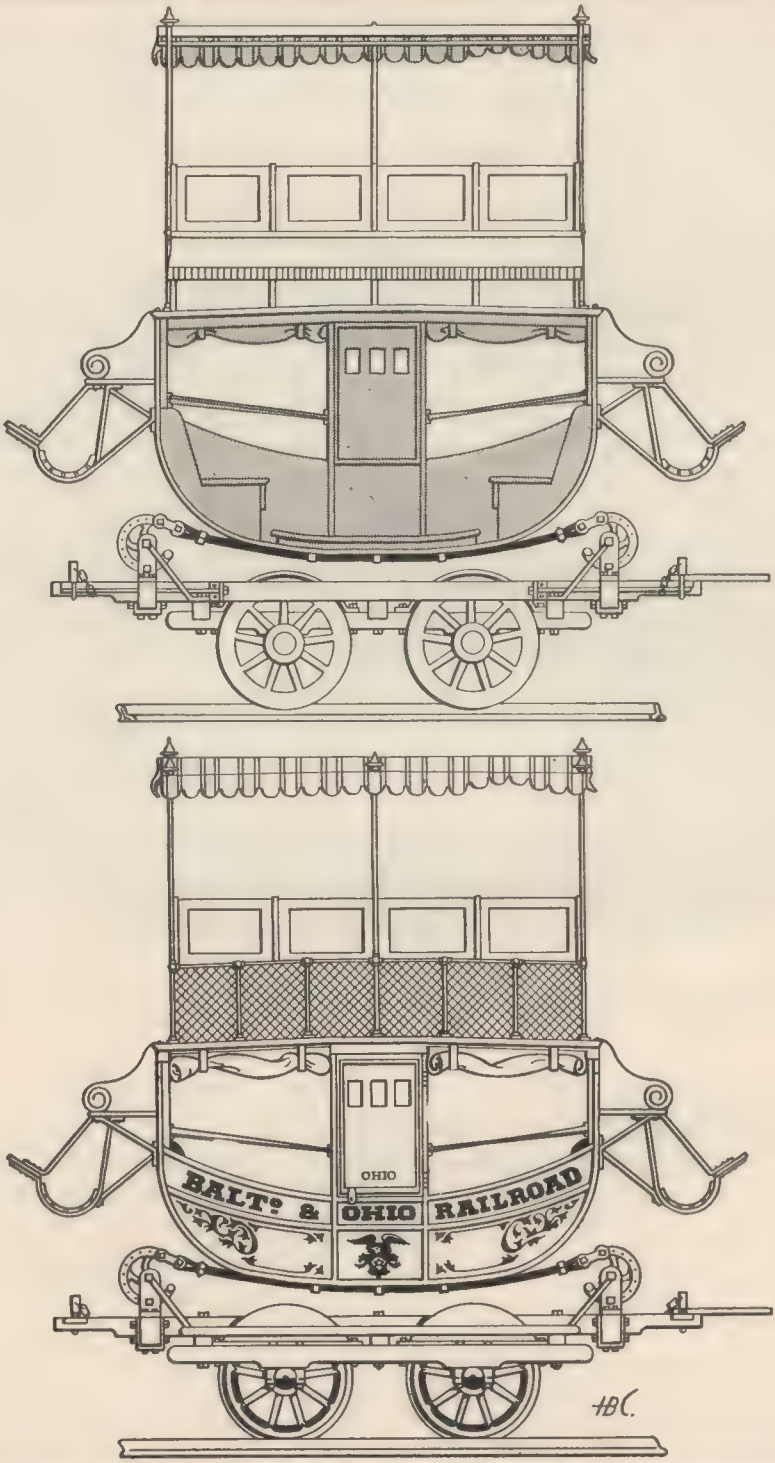


A Mantelpiece Model: *Part 2*

LOCOMOTIVE ATLANTIC with IMLAY COACHES

HENRY B. COMSTOCK

THE CARS for our Baltimore & Ohio train of 1832 are a classic example of coaches that came before the horse. Two years prior to the construction of the *Atlantic*, the railroad ordered a number of large stagecoach bodies from the renowned Philadelphia builder, Richard Imlay. Arranged to accommodate 30 passengers apiece, (12 inside, 6 on the ends, and the remainder on a double sofa secured to the roof) they were mounted by means of leather slings to a four-

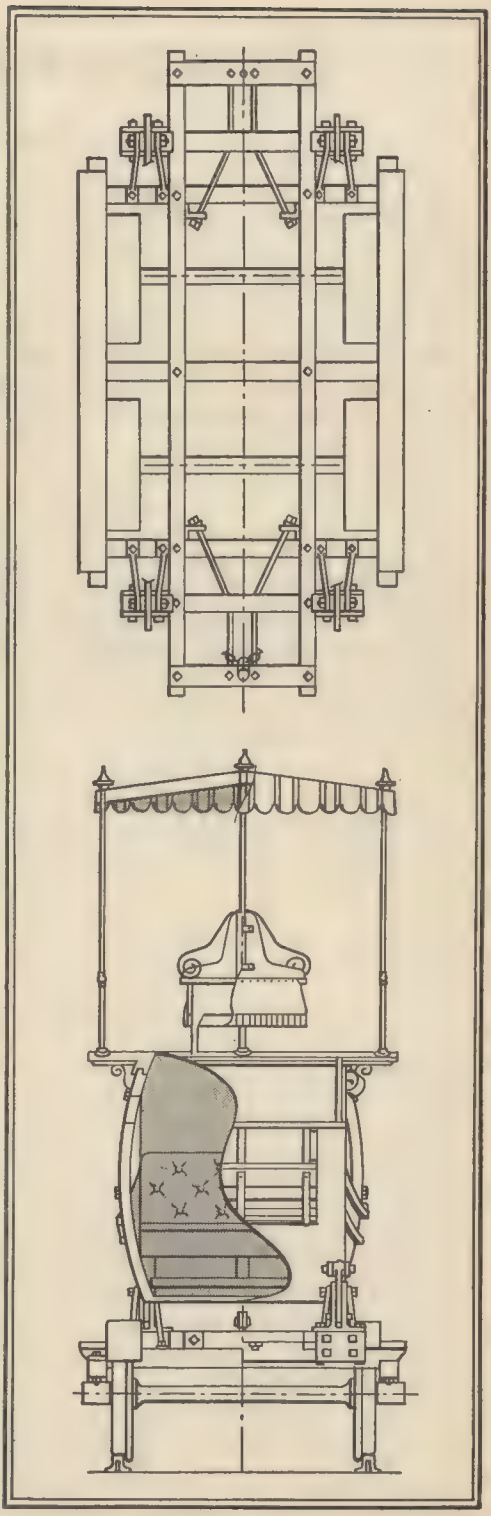

BALTº & OHIO RAILROAD
OHIO
HBC.

wheeled undercarriage hardly larger than that of a modern section car.

Yet in one important respect these crude little trucks were more significant than the gracefully bowed and carefully finished bodies above them. For it was in their design that Ross Winans introduced into actual road service his friction-type wheel and axle assembly. It had been the custom to mount the wheels of railroad cars on stationary axles, just as in wagon construction, but Winans felt that a rigid assembly of wheels and axles was important, not only to maintain flange spacing but to reduce the large contacting surfaces inevitable with a hub-type bearing. For this he substituted small diameter extensions of the axles, running them into split bearings under the truck frames. So here we have the original journals and journal housings, much as we know them today.

It will be noted from the drawings that there are no brakes of any kind on the Imlay coaches. Rough stops were as inevitable as the sharp lateral thrusts inherent to cars having so short a wheelbase. There was no attempt at equalization of road shocks. Each pedestal block was sprung independently and undampened vibration was probably accentuated, rather than reduced, by the time it passed on through the leather slings. The slack adjusters that kept these slings under tension took the form of half-wheels mounted in cast-iron frames. Perforations spotted at intervals around their rims received retaining bolts which also passed through the frames, securing the half-wheels at the proper phase of rotation for strap tension.

Coach bodies and undercarriages were painted a bright canary yellow. All trim was buff, accented with American red pin striping. The lettering was also red, outlined in black, and wheels were chrome green, except for silver-faced rims. Like B&O locomotives of that era, all the railroad's coaches were named—among the Imlays were the *Maryland,* the *Virginia* and the *Ohio.*



Christmas at Lone Pine

LARRY McCARTY

ABOUT THIS TIME every year over most of the world, people are out with their axes and their saws, cutting down Christmas trees. These trees may be spruce, fir, tamarack, or some other variety of evergreen, but it is a rare sight when you see a pine tree being used for this purpose, so I will tell you of the Yule when a pine tree served as a Christmas tree, and did it very well indeed.

Sometime in the past, a bird had carried from the forest lands of Oregon a pine cone, or a seed, or whatever it is that trees spring from. It may have been the east wind. The seed took root and grew. Then, years later, came a railroad. This railroad left the main line of the old Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, now part of the Union Pacific, at a place called Biggs on the Columbia River. The men building this line had visions of some day going on down to California, but that dream burst like a million other dreams. And the line reached a small town out on the sagebrush plains of Eastern Oregon called Shaniko, and stopped there. But on the way it passed the little pine tree.

The road ran a small passenger train consisting of the engine, a small combination mail and baggage car, and one coach. I was express messenger on this train. In the mail section of the car worked a young fellow of about my own age, and we were good pals. Our train would leave Shaniko in the morning, go down to Biggs, where the road connected with the main line, turn around, and wait for the eastbound passenger from Portland. We reached Biggs about noon, passing a few small towns on the way down, downgrade all the way from Shaniko.

It was a seventy mile run between the two terminals. Halfway between a little town of two or three buildings called Kent, and Shaniko, the pine tree grew, alone and far from any of its kind. We called the place Lone Pine Station. Why, I don't know, as there was no station, or anything else there. But if a farmer wanted to catch our train there, he would just wave and the train would stop for him. So it came to be called a station.

As we always had the same car, my mail clerk friend and I slept in it at night, up at Shaniko. Much cheaper than keeping a room in the one little hotel. And we cooked most of our meals there in the car, too. We had in the car a can of coffee and several cans of foodstuffs and bread and doughnuts. We were comfortable there in the car, especially in winter when the cold winds blew a gale across the flat country and the snow piled up outside.

Then came Christmas Eve. What a day that had been, going down from Shaniko! The wind blew so hard the little engine could hardly pull our train, though it was all downgrade. And it snowed all the way. We finally reached Biggs, where we ate our lunch and the train turned around on the wye. No. 2 came along and left a few passengers for us, about 15 with several small children, all of them going up country to one place or another, to be home for Christmas. I loaded a few trunks and several boxes of merchandise consigned to merchants in Shaniko, the mail clerk loaded his mail, and we were off on the up-hill run. It was still snowing, getting deeper and deeper.

Our engine chugged and grunted, poking along at a few miles an hour, bucking drifts that were every minute getting deeper. At long last the engine gave one final snort, and quit.

I opened my car door and looked out. That little pine tree stood there a few feet away, on top of the cut we had stopped in, bending in the wind. We had come to rest at Pine Tree Station. The engineer

tried to back out, but the snow had drifted in behind us, and there we were, stuck tight, with no hope of getting free without help.

It was already dark. The mail clerk came in to my part of the car, and the conductor and his brakeman came in. Pretty soon the engineer also came up and climbed in. We held a conference. What to do. "Well," said the conductor, "you better shin up that telegraph pole, Bill. We'll call The Dalles." I had in my car a portable telegraph I carried for emergencies. So Bill the brakeman climbed the pole and connected the wires to the line. The conductor tapped out his message. The answer came back that they would start a plow out at once, to our relief. That was that. It would take hours for the plow to reach us. And we had a coach half full of hungry people and howling children.

Maybe someone could reach a ranchhouse about two miles away and maybe get something to eat there. Ed, the mail clerk, and myself decided to try it. Bundling up in everything we had, we started out through the deep snow and the cold wind. I knew where this house was, but we could see nothing in the dark. We struggled on. After what seemed hours, we heard a dog bark, and we knew we were getting close to habitation. Soon we saw a light shining through a window. A man opened the door and stood there gazing at us in amazement.

We told him about our stalled train. He called his wife. Sure, they could give us some grub. And soon we were once more struggling along in that deep snow, carrying between us a washtub filled with food.

We floundered along in the snow, trying to keep a straight line for the train. We could see nothing. I had heard and read of people getting lost in storms like this. And it wasn't long before I decided that we were lost. We had no idea in which direction the stalled train lay. We could not even see the farmhouse we had left. All we could see was that white wilderness all around us. A lone coyote, somewhere in the hills, gave his mournful howl. We struggled on. And just as all hope had died within me, we heard the welcome toot of the engine. They were calling us in. It was so close it scared me. But we were safe. We found the track, and finally reached the train, where we lifted our washtub into my car and climbed in to soak up the heat of the red-hot stove. We had been gone three hours.

We held another conference. The conductor had another bright idea. "Mac," he said, turning to me, "why not have a real Christmas here in your car tonight? What say? We can make a table out of some of those trunks, use the smaller ones for chairs, make a big pot of coffee, and give those folks back there the surprise of their lives."

"Sounds good to me," I said. "Let's go."

We had found the tub to be crammed with almost all of a turkey, a lot of potatoes, several jars of homemade fruit and preserves, a big package of dressing. Verily, we had a Christmas dinner right there, thanks to those generous people at the farmhouse.

Just then I also had an idea. Handing Ed a small axe out of the emergency kit, I said, "Here, Ed, go out and get it."

Looking at the axe in surprise, he said, "Get what?"

"Why, that pine tree out there, of course. We have to have a Christmas tree, don't we?"

"OK, boy. But I hate to cut down that little tree."

"Go ahead," said the conductor, "you know they are going to put a siding in here, anyway.

While Ed was out there getting the tree, I opened some of the merchandise consigned to the merchants at Shaniko. It proved to be just what I had suspected, last-minute stuff for the Christmas trade, but now too late for that. We found ornaments of every kind, little bells and stars, strings of ice, and some small candles with their holders. There was also two

boxes of toys. Tin trains, dolls, to delight a child.

We fastened the tree in the end of the car, hung it with the stuff we had pilfered from the boxes, placed two big trunks side by side, and set the table. We had a gallon of coffee steaming on the stove. We lit the candles, and put out the car lights. The conductor looked at his watch. It was almost midnight. And no sign of a relief train.

We stood back and looked over our efforts. Not bad. We lacked only one thing. A Santa Claus. But a Santa Claus suit was one thing we didn't have. That fat old conductor would have made a dandy.

"Well," I said, "the show's on. Call the folks."

The conductor went to the door of the coach and yelled, "All right folks, right this way. Everybody come up ahead."

They came in, wondering what it was all about. Weary and tired and hungry folks, and sleepy-eyed children. They all came in. They stood there, amazed. It was worth getting nearly frozen to death out in that snow just to see their faces, as they crowded about the trunk table and looked at that pretty little pine tree, bravely bearing up though its life blood had been spilled but a few moments before.

"Folks," said the conductor, "it's Christmas now, you know. So pitch in. The boys have done the best they could under the circumstances. Only thing we ain't got is Tom and Jerry."

"And Santa Claus," said one youngster.

"Say, Frank," said a young fellow dressed in cowboy garb and grabbing a turkey leg, "didn't I see you lugging a guitar when you got on at Biggs."

"You did, all right," answered another cowboy. "Why?"

"Just thought a little music wouldn't go bad here right now."

"All right with me, if you get out that mouth harp of yours."

No one who was on that stalled train that night, way out there in the snowbound plains of Oregon, has ever forgotten that Christmas. And never a Christmas rolls around but what I think of it. I wonder where all those folks have drifted to, during the long years. Where is my old friend, the mail clerk, the braky who had to shinny up that telegraph pole, the grimy engineer and his fireman? Where are the children we passed out the dolls and the tin trains to, that cold and windy night fifty years ago?

Just as we finished the turkey and drank the last of the coffee, we heard the long, lone wail of an engine. Relief was coming.

They came up close, the snow piling up on either side of the track from the plow. They then had to back down to the siding called Kent, so we could follow them down and get on the siding to let them go ahead of us on into Shaniko.

And at six o'clock Christmas morning we rolled into town. In time for Christmas, after all.

I was somewhat worried about how those merchants there in town would react to our boldness in pilfering their boxes of merchandise. But the conductor knew them all. And with the tales that the passengers soon told about town, the merchants one and all were soon wreathed in smiles. The stuff would have been too late for Christmas, anyway.

Well, that siding was never built. But a new highway came along, after the railroad had been abandoned. And the little pine would have been cut down, anyway.

A few years ago, I made a trip up through Oregon, covering some of the ground I had been working over many years before. I stopped at Shaniko, and found one of the merchants, an old man, still doing business there. But the old town didn't seem the same. The trains were gone.

Going on down the highway, I came to the spot where we had been stalled that night so long ago. I took a side road over to a farm house two miles away. An old fellow opened the door. A very old man, stooped and frail.

I told him that I was touring the country and wanted to call on old friends if I

could find them. "Friends of yours here?" he asked.

"Yes, I think so, if I remember right. There was a snowbound train over there a good many years ago. My friend and I walked through the deep snow to a farmhouse. It was the night before Christmas. I was the express messenger on that train. They gave us a tubful of food at the farmhouse. Remember?"

"Yes, I remember. It was a long time ago. Are you—?"

"Yep, I'm one of those fellows that plowed through the snow that night."

"Martha," yelled the old man, to some one sitting in the kitchen.

An old lady came into the room.

"Remember him?" asked the old man.

The old lady gave me a searching look. "No, I don't."

"The night we filled that wash tub with grub that time? The night before Christmas, when we had that blizzard?"

"Remember that, all right."

"Well, this is one of the young fellers that came from the train."

After an hour's talk with the old folks, I said I must be on my way as I wanted to get down to Biggs before dark.

"What do you mean, on your way?" asked the old lady, "You're not going any place today. You stay right here overnight. Lots of room."

After a bountiful supper and a long talk, the old fellow and I walked out into the moonlight. The stars were twinkling and all was peace and quiet. A lone coyote howled somewhere nearby.

"Ever hear one of them fellers?" asked the man.

"Plenty," I said, "'specially one that night we were lugging that tub of food back to the train. We were lost. I thought maybe that coyote would made a meal of me before I found the train. Guess he was just as cold and hungry as we were."

And that ends the story of Christmas at Lone Pine Station.

THE AMERICAN DISTILLING CO., INC., NEW YORK, PEKIN, ILL., SAN FRANCISCO • 86 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

All-PCC El Paso City Lines is one of the shortest juice operations in the country—4 miles—but handles more passengers per mile than any other line—streetcar or bus—in the U. S.

Electric Lines:

International Streetcar Line

MAC SEBREE

RAILFANS would need have no fear for the future of electric lines in the United States if the management of all of them thought like the El Paso (Tex.) City Lines. El Paso's streetcar operation is among the most unique in the whole country.

In the U. S. it is the only international streetcar line; it is the only streetcar system using PCC cars exclusively; it operates the smallest number of PCCs, and it is one of our shortest streetcar lines.

The El Paso City Lines is truly an international line, connecting El Paso with Cuidad de Juarez across the Rio Grande. Since April of 1950 seventeen PCC cars, bought from the San Diego Electric Railway when it gave up to buses, have been

giving all-PCC service. Older cars were either scrapped or sold to lines south of the border.

The fact that it is one of the shortest streetcar lines in the U. S.—4 miles—has nothing to do with the amount of business handled. It is not generally known that the line carries more passengers per mile than any other—streetcar or bus—in the U. S.

I just returned from a three-day stay in El Paso, where the Texas city's line has streetcar operation nearest Albuquerque. One of the reasons I went was to see how those PCC cars were operating. I rode over to Juarez and back three times, talked to many operators, and interviewed J. H. Daley, superintendent of equipment.

He took me through the barn, explained all about the operation of the PCC car, told me its history, and explained why he was enthusiastic about them. He is new in El Paso. Before coming to the El Paso City Lines he had been with the Salt Lake City Transit Company, pioneer user of the trackless trolley in America.

Daley represents a new company attitude toward streetcars. He assumed his position in El Paso shortly after the company had abandoned two other lines, Park and Fort Bliss. He is a progressive transportation man and believes highly in the future of PCC cars.

If you see a picture of a standard St. Louis Car Company PCC with a front trolley pole you know exactly how they look. If you have a picture of a Los Angeles PCC you even have the color scheme. The cars are 1940 models recently remodeled and refurbished.

The company used to have 5 other good trolleys—single-end Brills used on the Fort Bliss line, only line in the city that ever had turning facilities on both ends. These cars, made in 1929, had the most comfortable seats I have ever used on a city trolley. The company sold them to a Mexican outfit when service on the Fort Bliss line ended two years ago. They were modern in design, and not too heavy.

The El Paso line has an extensive stock of PCC parts in its storeroom, and all manner of working pits. I would say the line is better able to take care of its cars than many companies I know of.

All 17 cars are single-end, but there any similarity with other single-end cars ceases. Since the line is one large loop, crossing into Mexico on one bridge and darting back into the U. S. on another, single-end operation is all that would ordinarily be required. But it so happens that the carbarn is on one of the lines the company abandoned two years ago.

Only the track from the barn to the downtown loop, a distance of roughly two miles, was kept in operation. It is single track and there are no turning facilities at the barn. The company could see when it bought the single-end cars that something drastic would have to be done. So it had the San Diego company install a front trolley pole and a small spotlight on the rear end so the cars can be *backed* all the way downtown from the car house.

Cars come in frontward to the barn and back the two miles onto the loop again.

The company had to remove the seat rows and install side seats, because U. S. Customs officials insisted on it. Mexican citizens from Juarez do a lot of their shopping on the U. S. side and Customs decided that regular seats would afford too much opportunity to hide taxable or forbidden items. Of course, you can get more standees on the remodeled cars, too. A load of 150 is not uncommon every foot of the route. Customs officials for both countries stop the cars on the bridges and check the passes or citizenship of passengers.

This practice, plus the tendency of long freight trains to go back and forth on one of the several grade crossings on the line makes it impossible for the cars to keep running on a schedule. The company solved this problem in high style, however—there are no schedules.

DURING most of the day the cars operate on a headway of 90 seconds. There are usually 13 or 14 cars on the

line (remember, it's only 4 miles in length), and now during the Christmas rush 16 cars are operated. Once all 17 cars were put on the line.

The company can afford to do this because it has had remarkably little trouble with the cars, pull-ins since April averaging less than two or three a month. The cars are in excellent condition, and have met with almost enthusiastic public favor. And the cars are just as popular with the operators as they are in other PCC cities—Kansas City, L.A., St. Louis, San Francisco, Dallas.

The line used to be one of the town jokes because of the old equipment.

City Lines has done much to promote the new cars in the public prints, with posters and other media. Some cars are decorated with Mexican scenes, bullfighters, dancing Spanish girls, and say in large letters, "Be an International Traveler on This Car."

Track, on the U. S. side, is in excellent condition, most of it having been renewed this year. The company plans to tear up tracks on the Mexican side soon and start from scratch. Tons of brand-new rail and gleaming new copper wire are stored in the company's shops for the rehabilitation.

Elevated loading zones are being built, for the first time in El Paso's history, to speed up the loading of the new cars.

"Bus operation into Jua-

Right: **"This car will take you to your hotel" states the legend on El Paso's No. 68. It also connects with Juarez cars across the Rio Grande**

rez would be a failure, or at least a financial failure," Daley says. Operators of buses and cars in El Paso agree, saying it would take 30, 40, maybe 50 buses to handle the crowds, and traffic, of course, would not allow it.

It just goes to show what a handful of highly efficient streetcars can do toward solving transportation messes in cities where buses are monopolizing the streets.

"The PCC on the International Streetcar Line," says Daley "is here to stay. There isn't anything that can match them, and I say this from experience.

Cars run backwards two miles to loop, where they start on trip from El Paso, across bridge to Mexico

ALTO
STOP

Left, top to bottom: **One respect which makes El Paso City Lines unique—PCC cars are used exclusively. Latest purchases are 1940 models, remodeled and refurbished**

Carbarn Comment

STEVE MAGUIRE

ONE of the best-attended conventions of railfans took place over the Labor Day weekend when more than 300 members of the National Railway Historical Society convened in Montreal for electric and steam activities.

Montreal and its environs are replete with attractions for juicefans and steam fans. The Montreal transit system, now operated by a Transportation Commission, is the largest urban transit property in Canada, owning 939 streetcars which it operates on 260 miles of track. The rail operations vary from short one-car shuttle routes to long suburban lines exceeding 10 miles.

An unusual operation of the transit company is the open observation cars which travel in the summer on two circular routes through the city. They are well patronized by the public. In the past other cities had this type of service, but only in Montreal does it continue to operate.

The Montreal Transportation Commission is the sole owner of a Birney car in operation, out of all the U.S. and Canadian lines which 20 years ago operated thousands of these little four-wheelers. At one time the MTC owned a group of Birney cars, but they were scrapped a year or so ago, with the single exception of

Old green-and-cream car of Philadelphia Transportation Company turns east on Erie Avenue from 17th Street, bound for Richmond and Orthodox Streets. That was before line was abandoned for trackless on nearby Wyoming Avenue

Leslie R. Ross

Car 200 which, at the request of Montreal railfans, was preserved for its historical interest. Another car, an old wooden single-trucker used for many years as a sand car, was also put at the disposal of the Montreal fans, who rehabilitated it to its original condition of 50 years ago. Of course, Birney Car 200 was used by the NRHS on one of the tramway line fantrips and an old wooden car No. 274, was exhibited to the group at one of the carbarns.

On the first day we had the choice of going on the Birney car trip around Montreal—this trip was so popular that two cars, an ex-Tuscaloosa, Ala. double-truck Birney and a wooden Montreal car, had to be added—or touring the interurban-type trackage on the longer routes of the system in a wooden suburban car. At the same time steam fans were touring the CPR and CNR roundhouses, taken there via MTC streetcars. Since Dieselization is far from complete on those roads, fans had the rare opportunity to view yards well-stocked with steam engines.

On the second day, a unique *Train of Yesterday* was made up, consisting entirely of wooden equipment. Coaches were open-platform type with gaslights, and an old wooden restaurant car, vintage 1897, was used to provide meal service for the riders. This train, headed by No. 2222, a *Pacific*-type locomotive built in the early 1900s, made a 125-mile trip to Ottawa, and there the juicefans rode Ottawa Transportation Commission streetcars, while steam fans visited the CPR roundhouse.

As a finale, the last day was reserved for a 6-car fantrip on the Montreal & Southern Counties Railway interurban line to Granby, 50 miles distant. The outer end of this route is scheduled for Dieselization, probably by the time you see these pages. The remainder of the interurban system, including the local lines to St. Lambert and Montreal South, will continue to operate as usual.

The success of the 1951 NRHS convention was due largely to the fine assortment of activities placed at the disposal of the members, and proves that, with an interesting menu of fan activities, it's not too hard to get a good-sized

Above, left: **For recent National Railway Historical Society convention, Montreal Transportation Commission did the honors with three special cars.** ***Left, center:*** **Old car shown to NRHS at St. Denis Yards was reconditioned by Montreal fans.** ***Left, bottom:*** **Old Birney on loop in Mt. Royal.** ***Below:*** **Fans had a field day inspecting and photographing in Montreal's St. Denis Yard**

Photos by Steve Maguire

Photo from O. A. Goessl

Shown outside carbarn at Tulane and Dupre Streets, New Orleans, Orleans - Kenner Traction Co. No. 5 was built by Brill in 1915. Photo was taken last year cars operated to downtown N. O., 1928

group of fans together for a three-day outing, even at such a distant location as Canada.

* * *

FINALE for the Liberty Bell Route of the Lehigh Valley Transit came with unparalleled suddenness on the evening of September 6th. For several months an application to quit the 30-mile interurban from Allentown, Pa., to Norristown had been pending, and when the LVT received permission to quit the route for buses it immediately changed over with no notice to the public. Next morning many rail patrons waited hours for cars which never came. Only equipment operating on the interurban line that morning was work car No. 522 tearing up the rails from Emmaus Junction to Aineyville Junction—just to make sure abandonment would be permanent.

According to the *Allentown Morning Call*, the LVT received only a temporary permit to cease operation of the interurban cars, for a four-month period. So it seems that the company was making certain it could not be forced to run the cars again if the public disliked buses.

* * *

"THE O-K LINE" (September) should have pointed out there were three rails used on joint trackage with the local New Orleans trolley lines, since the O-K route was standard gage and the local lines were and are wide gage, 5 feet 2½ inches.

O. A. Goessl, the New Orleans railfan who helped me with the story, says we were wrong in stating that a Birney car was operated on the Orleans-Kenner Traction line. The shuttle car was a Brill single-trucker of pre-Birney style, New Orleans never having had Birney cars.

H. H. Diers of Washington, D. C., also writes concerning the O-K line: "The terminal, at least after 1923, was on Elks Place, not Rampart Street. Cars turned right off Carrollton Avenue on to South Claiborne, which farther out becomes Jefferson Highway. In 1950 you could see the extra rail in place on parts of Carrollton Avenue, leading to a side street where a barn was located. Local cars and O-K cars both used the barn."

WE IDENTIFIED correctly the remains of several burned streetcars in Seoul, Korea carbarns as ex-Atlanta equipment. William Moll Jr., Philip Rector and H. H. Diers sent us newspaper clippings of 1950 showing the cars being readied for shipment overseas.

Moll states that three miles of streetcar track from Butler barn to the Southern Railway siding were kept intact so the cars, after being readied for use in Seoul, could be transferred on their own wheels to the steam interchange. Although this track has since been taken out, the Georgia Power Company still has an electric crane and two locomotives near Simpson Avenue to bring cars to the power plant from the railroad interchange.

While most of the Atlanta cars which were saved went to Seoul, says Moll, others were sent to Pusan and Pyongyang, where, we presume, they are still operating.

* * *

LONDON'S tram lines are shrinking fast, reports Alan A. Jackson, liaison officer of the Light Railway Transport League, London NW2. There are presently 65 route miles (129 single-track miles) left in service in the British capital city, and these are eventually scheduled to be converted to double-deck Diesel buses.

Many of the newer London Transport cars were sold to Leeds Corporation Tramways, where they are now in service. The remaining London cars will be scrapped as soon as abandonments are completed. Two cars will be preserved in a museum.

Jackson tells us the London trams are in such a decrepit condition that a ride on one of them is no longer a pleasure, even for the sentimentalist. There are strong indications that after the streetcars are gone, the trolleybuses in London will not be long in following them. Fortunately, London has a fine third-rail subway system.

How to buy better work clothes

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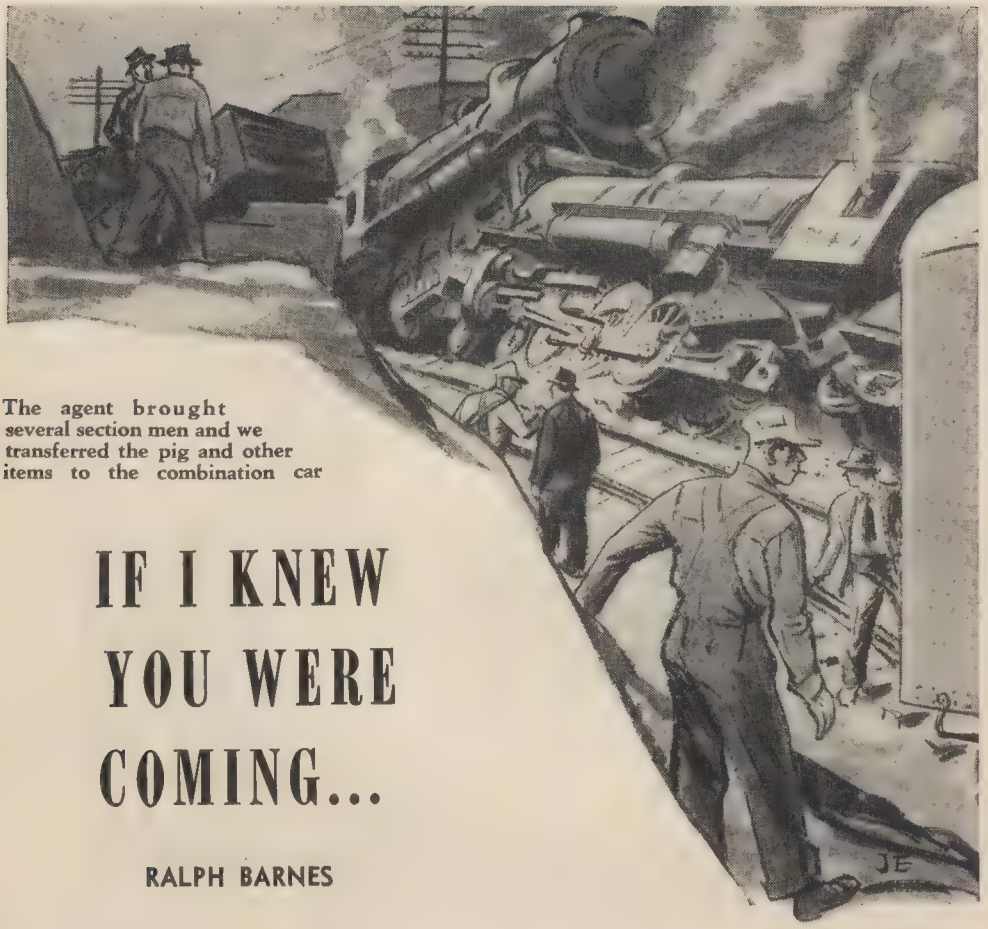


The agent brought several section men and we transferred the pig and other items to the combination car

IF I KNEW YOU WERE COMING...

RALPH BARNES

LET ME TELL YOU about the time a 75-pound pig, 6 cases of chickens and 15 triple valves landed in my lap and I landed in 5 inches of sour cream.

Several years ago I was holding down the early morning passenger run of Train 14 as messenger-train baggageman on the Alton. All Alton express messenger jobs were joint then—the messenger was the railroad's train baggageman too.

No. 14 consisted of, from head to rear, a mail storage car; an express car with a small compartment for baggage; a combination car with a Railway Post Office compartment, baggage section and smoker, and a full passenger coach carrying the markers.

I worked daily except Sunday, for the express company, leaving Bloomington, Illinois at 6:05 a.m. and arriving in Chicago around 9:15 a.m. Then, I'd lay over during the day in Chicago and return to Bloomington each evening with the coach and combination only.

I had been awarded this run after I had bid in to hold a regular job instead of the extra board. It was my custom to go home upon arrival at Chicago in the morning and spend four or five hours puttering around the house before returning to Bloomington, where I had rented a sleeping room.

This bright Monday in June, after reporting for work at 5 a.m., I sorted the soup pile of express and was drinking another cup of coffee while the parcel post mail was being loaded into the stor-

age car just ahead of my messenger car. As Monday was a light mail day, the RPO clerk bought space only as far as Chenoa, some 20 odd miles up the line. But the rest of the week the car was used all the way to Chicago, a situation which entered the pig-and-chicken deal.

As the express car was loaded every day in Chicago and set out at Bloomington to be worked back, the car always had to be straightened out before the messenger could secure room to feel at home.

We left town on the advertised, and at each stop—and we made them all—I would go ahead and throw the mail from the storage car, mark down my count, and return to the messenger car and unload the express and baggage, if any. Leaving Chenoa on Mondays I would close the storage car and forget it. Pontiac a little farther on was a busy stop, and here I would unload 60 per cent of the express car.

At most every stop I'd pick up two or three cans of butter fat for Chicago. The cans ranged in sizes of 5, 8 and 10 gallons and these I would set along the wall in the center of the car.

Somewhere along the line, I can't recall just where, I picked up a pig. This pig was an ornery little cuss of about 75 pounds and he was determined he wasn't going to ride with me.

I set his crate on the same side as the cream but forward of the side door. The pig was being shipped in an old crate, rather dilapidated, and he did his best to break the top slats and climb out. I watched him closely, and several times I had to push him down on all fours to keep him from knocking the slats loose.

Along the line I also picked up express at nearly every station and had acquired several cardboard boxes, two large bales of sample maize straw, six cardboard cases of pullets and other items. I put the two large bales against the head end of the car and the chickens behind them. The boxes went along the side across the car from the pig. In the rear of the car I had 15 triple valves for the shops at Glen.

By the time I reached Wilmington I had disposed of about all the express I had taken out of Bloomington and, except for what I had picked up, I had much room in the car. This was helpful, as Wilmington had a dozen large crates of fireworks displays, the kind you see at Fourth of July exhibitions.

Some fireworks I placed on each side of the head door opposite the pig and the butter fat; the rest I left just inside the sill as I would not be using that door again during the trip.

Although No. 14 was strictly a local mail and express run, we did carry a few passengers, and at Wilmington there were five or six more to augment the eight or ten we already had. Among those boarding at Wilmington was a lady with a small boy 7 years old. It was circus day at Joliet, and his mother was taking him on his very first train ride to his very first circus.

After I put away the fireworks, I walked to the door. Our conductor was standing near and talking through the window to the agent. I asked him what we were waiting for, as we were already 15 minutes late.

He replied we had a time wait order and couldn't leave before 8:20. He asked what time I had and, looking at my watch, I told him I had 8:20 and 30, and he glanced at his timepiece and said he had about the same and that we would leave. I recall the agent saying he would report out at 8:21.

We pulled away from the depot and I highballed the section crew as we passed them waiting to come out behind us.

But I had just turned to go to my desk when our engineer slammed on the emergency. I grabbed the door and looked out. We were about 20 carlengths from the station, heading uphill around a left-hand curve. I stood on the low side of the car. Here the right-of-way went directly up a high steep bluff. The instant I looked out our fireman jumped off, and in the split second I was trying to figure out why, I saw an engine and the head end of a coal gondola coming around the bend into us. I didn't wait to see the rest of the gon'.

It takes long to tell it, but I assure you my mind moved fast. I thought instantly of the leaning car on the curve and especially remembered the crates of fireworks just behind me. I thought of jumping out. I also remembered the soft bales in the head end and I immediately dived for them and braced my back against the head end of the car.

Then they hit us! Wham!

I swear the car went up three feet.

Later I found out I was wrong. It had only jumped a foot and a half.

The pig, squealing and trying to escape, landed on top of me. So did the chickens.

The 27 assorted cans of butter fat (final count) rolling around the head end and sour cream were getting deeper on the floor. The triple valves also joined the party.

I had the idea, for a second, to jump from the car, but six of the heavy crates of fireworks beat me to it. They went right out the door and split up against the bank. Had I been there, they would have fireworked me.

I crawled out from under, set the pig right side up and organized the chickens.

I went to the door and looked out. Some of the section men were running toward the head end. They asked if I was OK and upon my yes they hurried on to the engine.

Back along the track I could see more men rushing to the coach so I figured there was enough aid coming to the passengers, and I started grabbing cream cans and setting them upright.

The cream by the door was four or five inches deep and moving forward, so I moved the cardboard boxes before they became soggy with butter fat.

When I had my freight protected I hurried back to the coach to see how everyone had weathered the crash.

Ambulances were arriving at a street crossing a short way from the coach and about 11 persons, including our conductor, were being taken to the hospital.

He was the regular relief man on this run. At the time we hit he was going forward to collect passenger fares. He slid on his face down the aisle, breaking his collar bone against a seat leg.

An extra section foreman, sitting in a rear seat, fell forward and received a nasty head cut from the seat in front of him. Nine passengers were cut and bruised.

The little boy on his way to the circus had a few cuts but was quite brave, not shedding a tear. His greatest concern was he would miss seeing the clowns and he kept asking his mother if the circus would wait until he got there. The Alton made arrangements to take the remaining able-bodied travelers on to Joliet by bus.

Even though the lad was only 7 years old, he'll never forget his first train ride, although it was only 1000 feet. I sincerely hope, now that he is older, he realizes running a freight train into a passenger train was not an example of good railroad operating procedure.

When I returned to the head end, I saw that the coach seemed undamaged and that the combination had only a banged-up door. I stopped to see the mail clerk and he showed me the sack stanchions. He had literally pulled them out of the floor as he held on when the jolt hit him.

My express car was off the rails and somewhat askew across the tracks, the drawbar broken and a truck knocked back.

The storage car where, on any day but Monday, I would have been sorting the mail for Joliet was on the ground across the tracks. The head end was banged-up considerably, both lungs pulled plus other damage.

Our engine, with the tank broken loose, lay on its side on the far side of the curve, and the freight engine had partly climbed ours and fallen against the bank.

The engineer of our train, after he had big-holed her, had unloaded, as had the fireman and head brakeman of the freight. It was Freight No. 1031. The freight engineer had ridden her in and had received chest injuries and steam burns. He was removed to the hospital.

The agent finally came to my car—he had been a very busy little man—and he told me an engine was coming from Joliet over the Coal City cutoff and the coach and combination car would go through to Chicago. He brought several section men and together we transferred the livestock, including the pig, and my train box and a few other items, to the baggage section of the combination behind.

After the crash, the pig turned ex-

tremely docile. He hadn't been hurt. Whether all the squeal had been scared out of him or if he was just plain disgusted with our methods of railroading, I was unable to learn. He lay in his new crate, and said nothing.

Finally the new engine arrived and we backed up a few miles to Mazon Tower and went over the cutoff to Joliet, eventually arriving in Chicago, some 3½ hours late.

I went on home and found out the folks already knew of the wreck. My boss at the express office in Chicago had called them and said I had been involved in a slight disagreement between two trains and would be a few hours late. After a bath, change of clothes and lunch, I returned to work.

The return trip to Bloomington was eventful too. Along the line some of the station boys would climb aboard to feel my appendages, such as nose, ears. I suppose to see if I was all in one piece.

Our conductor rode back with us, after spending a nice quiet afternoon in a Joliet hospital. He was wearing a neat-looking shoulder cast, which I imagine was real comfy on a hot June day.

I didn't attend the investigation, being an employe of the express company. But I did send in a deposition touching on my talk and watch comparison at Wilmington with our conductor.

The Alton, at that time, operated trains under an efficient train control, but in each engine cab was a switch the engineer could forestall the train control with.

At the top of the grade on the curve ahead of us at Wilmington was a signal protecting that block extending westward beyond the depot. When No. 103 approached, this signal was red, indicating we were in the block. As No. 103 approached this red board, the engineer had forestalled the train control, assuming we would be late as usual, still loading at the station.

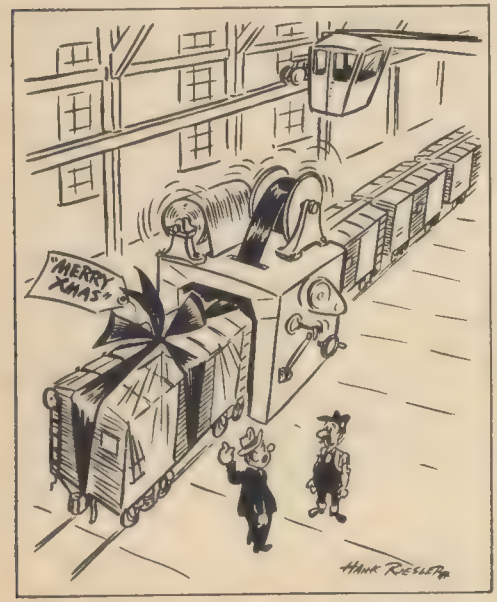
Although No. 103 had a copy of the same time order we had, the engineer had tried to clear the passing track switch before we got there. So we had collided at the switch.

On several previous trips I had noticed the way freight on the passing track waiting for us as we pulled into Wilmington. Any day but Monday we would have been at least 45 minutes late because we had too much business to make the advertised.

No doubt 99 out of 100 times No. 103 would have made it with time to spare. Whether No. 103 had tried this particular race before I couldn't say, but no doubt the engineer had chafed many times because he had to wait up the line at a passing track while we were still loading at Wilmington.

The ICC recommended removing the forestall switch on all engines and there doubtlessly has been a rearrangement of signals to allow a train to proceed to the passing track.

I had been in close calls before and have been since but that was my only head-ender in 20 years of railroading. One was enough. I guess the pig agreed too. And the chickens.



"Your initiative is commendable, Jenks, but I don't think packaging will boost car sales"

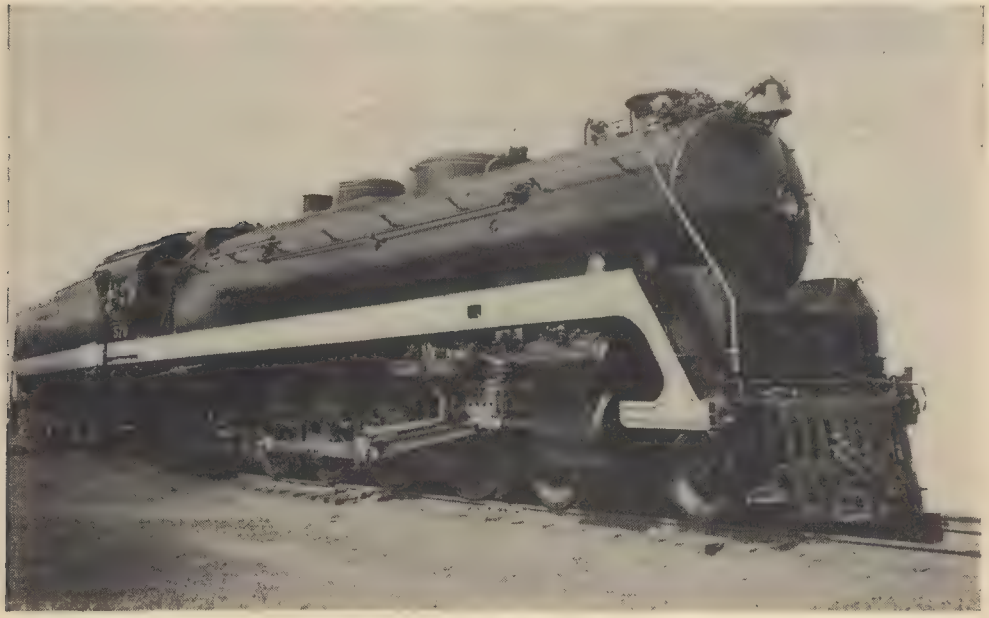
Locomotives of the

Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis

Diesel Locomotives

Class	Numbers	Drivers	Horsepower	Engine Weight	Tractive Effort	Builder and Date
			B + B (Switcher) Type			
DA-660	1–4	40	660	198,000	59,500	Alco, 1941
DA-1000	5–9	40	1000	230,000	69,000	Alco, 1942
DA-1000	10	40	1000	230,000	69,000	Alco, 1945
DA-1000	11	40	1000	230,000	69,000	Alco, 1946
DEM-600	15	40	600	194,310	58,290	EMD, 1941
DEM-1000	19	40	1000	243,110	72,930	EMD, 1941
DEM-1200	20–23	40	1200	246,780	74,000	EMD, 1949
DEM-1200	24–33	40	1200	246,500	74,000	EMD, 1950
DEM-1200	34–38	40	1200	248,500	74,500	EMD, 1951
DB-660	40	40	660	197,800	59,340	Baldwin, 1941
DB-1000	50–54	40	1000	239,030	71,710	Baldwin, 1943
DB-1000	55	40	1000	239,130	71,740	Baldwin, 1941
DGE-400	100–103	33	400	88,000	26,400	GE, 1950
			B + B (Passenger) Type			
GP-7	700–705	40	1500	236,800	59,200	EMD, 1950
GP-7	706–718	40	1500	241,990	60,500	EMD, 1950
GP-7	719–728	40	1500	241,990	60,500	EMD, 1951
GP-7	750–753	40	1500	248,160	61,000	EMD, 1950

Class	Numbers	Drivers	Horsepower	Engine Weight	Tractive Effort	Builder and Date
			B + B (Freight) Type			
F3-1500A	800–806	40	1500	238,000	60,000	EMD, 1948
F3-1500A	807, 808	40	1500	238,000	60,000	EMD, 1949
F7-1500A	809–815	40	1500	238,000	60,000	EMD, 1949
F7-1500A	816–825	40	1500	238,000	60,000	EMD, 1950
F7-1500A	826–831	40	1500	238,000	60,000	EMD, 1951
F3-1500B	900–909	40	1500	245,000	60,000	EMD, 1948
F3-1500B	910, 911	40	1500	245,000	60,000	EMD, 1949
F7-1500B	912, 913	40	1500	245,000	60,000	EMD, 1949
F7-1500B	914–919	40	1500	245,000	60,000	EMD, 1950



Comparatively new and classy, even in this day of Diesels, *Dixie* 570 was born only nine years ago in Alco's maternity ward

Steam Locomotives

Class	Numbers	Cylinders	Drivers	Pressure	Engine Weight	Tractive Effort	Builder and Date
			2-8-0 (Consolidation) Type				
H6A	375, 377, 383	23 x 28	56	175	161,000	39,300	Baldwin, 1902
H7C	388	23 x 28	56	180	170,300	40,500	Baldwin, 1903
H7C	397, 401	23 x 28	56	180	170,300	40,500	Baldwin, 1904
H7C	417	23 x 28	56	180	170,300	40,500	Baldwin, 1907
H7C	404, 406	23 x 28	56	180	170,300	40,500	Baldwin, 1906
H9	450, 452	24 x 30	56	175	216,000	45,900	Baldwin, 1910
H9	454, 456, 458, 459	24 x 30	56	175	216,000	45,900	Baldwin, 1911
			2-8-2 (Mikado) Type				
L2A	663	26 x 30	63	200	296,500	54,800	Baldwin, 1922
L2A	667, 669	26 x 30	63	200	296,500	54,800	Baldwin, 1923

Only straight GE power on the NC&StL are the Class DGE-400 switchers. Four of them were produced for road in 1950

4-8-4 (Dixie) Type

J3	570–579	25 x 30	70	250	400,500	57,000	Alco, 1942
J3	580–589	25 x 30	70	250	400,500	57,000	Alco, 1943

Preponderantly an EMD user, NC&StL's Diesel passenger pullers are GP-7 Class power turned out by General Motors in '50 and '51

Alco shares NC&StL switcher orders with EMD and Baldwin. This DA-660 job just missed being honored with "No. 1"

Theodore A. Gay

Consolidations, **plus a few** ***Dixies*** **and** ***Mikados,*** **are all that remain of steam power on Dixie Line. Baldwin outshopped road's 2-8-0s**

Young Thompson Cursed the War And His Promotion — At First

The conductor handed Johnny Thompson the orders, and a piece of his mind

YOUNG RUNNER

RICHARD M. MURDOCK

LEAN, young Johnny Thompson cursed the Korean situation that had brought the influx of business which resulted in his promotion to engineer. It was far better, he thought, to be firing the best daylight switcher in the Kent City yard than be called, as he had just been, to run the notorious *East Broom*. The *East Broom* was a main line night run that made many pickups and

setouts the entire length of Sierra Western's 120-mile Valley Division. It was no job for an engineer to make his first run on.

Johnny's first impulse was to lay off. He didn't even know where the signals and the switches to the sidings were. Why, he hadn't even been on the main line since the morning he fired for old Max White on his last run. They'd nearly hit a section hand oiling a crossover switch a few miles west of Rockbrook. How clearly he remembered old Max saying, "I never did know why they put a crossover there. Nobody ever uses it. Hate like hell to spoil a perfect record by killing a man on my last run, a man who was oiling a switch that's never used." Johnny suddenly realized it was six years ago.

Now he wished he'd fired more on the main line. How could he possibly make his first run as an engineer on the *East Broom* picking up and setting out in unfamiliar territory in the black night, trying to dodge the night parade of passenger trains. Of course, it was double track all the way with few curves and grades and he did know the rules.

Johnny caught Old Tim, the bent crew dispatcher, sitting at his desk staring at him from beneath his green eyeshade. Johnny knew well what was going through the old boy's mind, and he didn't like the way those beady eyes burned through him.

Impulsively, Johnny blurted, "I'll be okay for the *East Broom*, 7:10 p.m. on duty."

Old Tim showed no surprise but a weathered brow raised slightly as if to say, "Brave move, boy, but it's probably the last road trip you'll ever make."

Tim rose from his desk, wearily shuffled to the board and placed Johnny's name plate in Tod Maxwell's space. Johnny wondered if Tod had laid off because he knew the young runner stood to catch his job. Tod was always razzing him for sticking to the yard goats.

And then, as if sealing Johnny's doom, Old Tim reached for the youngest fireman's name plate, a kid named Joe Malone who had just completed his student trips and was to make his date firing, placing it opposite Johnny's. The regular fireman was off also! Probably have to run the engine and fire it too, Johnny thought.

Johnny had two hours before reporting, plenty of time for the word to spread. By the time he returned to the roundhouse after grabbing a bite to eat without benefit of appetite, speculation was running high among the crews around. He could hear them talking and laughing in the locker room. Phrases such as "Afraid to get his feet wet," and "Should have fired on the main line" could mean only Johnny Thompson.

In the worst way he wanted to lay off, but he had to show he wasn't yellow, even if he got fired. Besides, it was too late. He'd already okayed for the job.

Johnny was a little early. He managed to register out without being noticed. Engine 747 was marked up for the job. A lousy old engine. Why, they usually had a big *Mountain* type engine for the *East Broom*. Johnny cursed softly and headed through the cool spring evening for the getaway. An upbay wind usually meant fog, and he could smell the salt as a blast hit him in the face. It would be just his luck.

Johnny met the afternoon roundhouse foreman by the getaway. "How come we only get a hog?" Johnny complained.

"Government inspector tied a bunch of 'em up on us a little bit ago. Hog's all we got. Can't even give you a *Mikado*."

Joe Malone was on the engine when Johnny mounted to the cab. Joe was a stocky little fellow with black, curly hair sticking from beneath the blue, polka-dot cap. He didn't even look the 21 years required to go firing.

"There's 2980 gallons of oil and a full tank of water, sir," Joe said. "All supplies are present, sir."

"Forget the 'sir' stuff, kid. My name's Johnny Thompson. Understand this is your maiden voyage under pay."

"Yes, sir. I'll do my best."

Well, at least he isn't cocky, Johnny thought. Just an eager beaver. Johnny smiled weakly. "We're in the same boat, kid. Do the best you can."

It was 7:40 p.m. when the old 747 coupled to its train. The air was cut in and the air pump started its laborious wheezing. Johnny knew he had a big train because the brake pipe needle was a long time climbing. Finally he received the sign to apply the brakes, and in a few minutes came the release sign. The train was ready.

CONDUCTOR Stormy Heinz mounted to the cab and handed Johnny the orders as he mumbled, "Ninety-two cars. Head in at Concordia for Number 12, as usual." His voice trailed off as Johnny came into focus. "Just what are you doing on this job?" rasped the shriveled little conductor.

"Tod Maxwell laid off."

"Better follow suit, kid. It takes a hogger on this job, not a home guard off a lousy goat. What do you know about the main line?"

Johnny resented the kid stuff; he had just passed his 32nd birthday, and he showed it by scowling hard into the squinting eyes of Stormy Heinz.

"For your information, Mr. Conductor, I'm not laying off. We'll see who can handle this job," Johnny said, without conviction.

A harsh cackle gushed from Stormy Heinz. "I know your kind. This'll be the last road trip you'll ever make. I'll see to that."

Johnny checked a terrific impulse to poke Stormy's belligerent, pointed jaw, but he stood a good chance of getting fired tonight without socking the skipper. How could he miss with a student fireman, a rebellious conductor and a slug of eastbound passenger trains to dodge in unfamiliar territory? This was one night in his life he'd like to skip.

Stormy glanced at eager young Joe Malone. "How long you been firing, kid?"

"This is my first trip under pay, sir."

A sardonic smile crept over Stormy's face. He turned to Johnny and pulled out his watch. "What time you got, yard tallowpot?"

Johnny gritted his teeth as they silently compared time. Then Stormy was on the ground heading for the caboose. "Wake up!" he hollered over his shoulder, "the herder's highballing you out of town—if you can start 'em without breaking 'em in two."

Johnny ignored Stormy, answered the herder's signal with two short whistles, and read the orders carefully. Handing them to Joe, he notched open the throttle. It took two tries for the wheezing old hog to get the 92 cars moving. As the long freight wormed its way from the congested Kent City yard, Johnny checked his timetable and saw that he had just an hour on No. 12 and it was 18 miles to Concordia.

It was a hectic 18 miles for Johnny Thompson. The head brakeman turned out to be a new man of a few weeks, and Johnny had to spend quite a bit of time helping eager Joe to keep the old 747 hot and water in the boiler, so there was little time left for him to watch signals. He was hopping from one side of the cab to the other, and to top it all off, a high fog was rolling in. The old 747 just couldn't get the heavy train rolling over 20 miles an hour.

Finally the "Concordia, one mile" sign showed up and he had but 15 minutes to clear No. 12. Immediately Johnny applied the brakes so he wouldn't overrun the switch. It was slightly down hill and he doubted if he could back up. He was using his utmost skill handling the air, and was glad for the experience he'd had running the goats for the old yard engineers. He'd handled many a long drag with the air in them. So far, he knew he hadn't shaken the boys in the caboose too badly.

Speed is difficult to judge at night, and unluckily the switch was on a curve, so Johnny didn't spot it until he had but a few carlengths to go. They were rolling a little faster than he thought, so he had to put the train in emergency to stop

short of the switch. He knew he shouldn't have done it, but if he overran the switch and had to try backing up, he'd have delayed No. 12.

The head brakeman lined up and the train chugged slowly into the clear just as No. 12's headlight showed in the distance to the rear.

The herder cut the engine off and had Johnny run up in the clear to take water while the yard engine reduced and filled the train. Concordia was the one place between Kent City and Rockbrook where yard engines were assigned. Switching the pickups and setouts fell to the *East Broom* the rest of the run.

The ten minutes it took Stormy Heinz to walk the length of the train to the water plug where the 747 stood didn't cool him off a bit. He fairly pounced to the cab. "Listen, you lame-brained home guard, what are you trying to do?" he said. "I knew I should have lashed everything down in the crummy, with you at the throttle. I've a good notion to turn you in. Don't ever show for this job again, do you hear?"

Johnny didn't try to explain. Instead, he stood up, grabbed Heinz by the overall bib, and growled. "Get off this engine and stay off, do you hear? If you have anything to say to me, say it from the ground. So help me man, I'll flatten you if you so much as touch this engine. Now get off!"

The young head brakeman and Joe Malone watched wide-eyed from across the cab as the wiry young hogger tore into Stormy.

"Why, you young punk, you can't talk to me like that. I've been around here for 40 years. I'll . . ."

Stormy spotted Johnny's fist. He wiggled free and retreated groundward at an amazing rate, running toward the yard office, threatening Johnny furiously over his shoulder.

The *East Broom* followed No. 12 from Concordia, and it seemed like everything went bad from there on. The head man was poor on the hand signals and they were slow switching the pickups and setouts. Johnny had to creep up to the switches at the various sidings because he didn't know where they were. He overran a switch ten carlengths and had to back up. He had just barely cleared No. 18. That was at Dunbar.

When they headed in at Gold Camp for No. 24, the steam was back from 210 pounds to 120. A large chunk of carbon had built up in the firebox, and it had to be removed laboriously with the tank hook.

Stormy Heinz was up at each siding cursing Johnny from the ground, at a safe distance. Johnny closed the cab window and turned his back to Stormy's threats, infuriating the wild little conductor all the more.

Following No. 26 out of Redmond, the brakeman had overlooked the derail, and once again Johnny put the train into emergency, this time for a real cause. He stopped inches short of the split rail.

EACH passing moment Johnny wished all the more that he'd laid off. His only consolation was he hadn't broken the train in two yet, but he knew he'd shaken up the crew in the caboose.

Wishbone was the last switching point before Rockbrook, and only one eastbound passenger train was left. It was Sierra Western's streamlined pride and joy, the *Midnight Flyer*. The timetable said the *Flyer* must be cleared at least ten minutes from the leaving time of the last station. It was 32 miles to Rockbrook and Johnny's watch showed 12:15 a.m. The *Flyer* was due out of Wishbone at 1:05 a.m. Johnny had 50 minutes ahead of him. He probably couldn't make Rockbrook, but he could make the center siding at Riverview, 17 miles east.

The head brakeman was lining out when Johnny heard Stormy's rasping voice. "You've got a lot of nerve trying to run ahead of the *Flyer*, you rattle-brained young throttle-jerker."

Johnny ignored him and slid the cab window shut. There was plenty of time to make Riverview. He might even make Rockbrook if the 747 would roll for once

and young Joe Malone could keep her hot for a change. After all, they only had 69 cars now in place of 92, having set out more than they'd picked up.

Johnny pulled slowly out of the siding. He had just received a highball from the hind end when the fog suddenly settled to the ground. Johnny swore silently. But still, it shouldn't be too bad. All he had to do was make Riverview.

Most of the 69 cars were empty, and the old hog seemed to get her second wind at last. Little Joe Malone finally had her combination. The steam gage showed 210 and the water stood at half a glass. He was firing her with a clear stack. He was even calling signals that loomed out of the fog. He'll make a fireman yet, thought Johnny.

The fog thickened into a soupy, blinding mist; the kind that forms when the big river and the bay combine fogmaking forces. Johnny had the train rolling nearly thirty. The signals weren't visible until the train was within two carlengths of them. It would be impossible to get stopped for a red one, but Johnny took the chance that there should be a yellow one first. He didn't have to know the road in this fog, for it was impossible to spot familiar landmarks anyway.

Johnny just did catch the "Riverview, one mile" sign. He went after the brake valve, slowing down the train. He worked steam to keep the slack stretched. Then he closed the throttle a couple of notches and brought the brake valve back to running position. The train slowed to five miles. Johnny craned his neck to catch sight of the switch to the long siding between the eastbound and westbound main lines.

Suddenly it loomed out of the fog 100 feet ahead of the engine. Johnny reached for the brake valve and brought the train to a jerky stop just short of the switch points.

A headlight suddenly pierced the fog a few carlengths away. Johnny's heart sank. A westbound freight had the siding blocked. It was in the clear for westbound passenger No. 19. Why hadn't they lighted their headlight when they heard Johnny stopping, instead of waiting until he stopped? He probably wouldn't have seen it in time in the fog anyway, but now he was in a spot. The only siding between Wishbone and Rockbrook blocked. No. 19 wasn't due for 20 minutes. The *Flyer* was due out of Wishbone in 18 minutes and you were supposed to clear him ten.

Johnny cursed as he called in the flag. He allowed a few precious moments to slide by before opening the throttle, hoping the flagman made it in all right. It was impossible for him to make Rockbrook but what could he do? If No. 19 was on time, there wouldn't be time for the west freight to clear the siding and for him to head in without sticking the *Flyer* good. Besides old 19 was usually a little late, he'd heard. It was hopeless. Why hadn't he stayed in the clear at Wishbone?

As the 747 gained speed, Johnny was thinking of Heinz. Had Stormy known about the freight already in Riverview siding? Johnny suddenly realized he had. He also knew that in an investigation the grouchy old conductor would say Johnny had kicked him off the engine and shut the window to what he had to say.

Despair closed in on the young runner as he looked hopelessly at his watch. The boys were in for a good laugh now, for young Thompson was going to delay Sierra Western's baby his first night running. Running the *East Broom* in the middle of a foggy night with two green men on the head end and the meanest conductor of the division, and with the *Midnight Flyer* right on his tail!

Technically, he was supposed to be in the clear now, although Wishbone was 21 miles behind, because the *Flyer* was due out of Wishbone in just ten minutes. Rockbrook was a long eleven miles ahead.

Again Johnny's thoughts returned to the last trip he'd made west over this portion of the railroad. How clearly he remembered old Max White on his last run. All the officials were at Kent City to meet him. So was his family, and there were tears in his weary eyes when he

climbed from the cab. Old Max had said, "It's been a good, exciting life, and I've been lucky. I've had many close calls, but my record's still clean."

For the second time in the past eight hours, Johnny was thinking about the crossover where they'd almost hit the section hand oiling the switch. That should have been close along here. Suddenly Johnny's eyes widened. The crossover, if it was still in operation, would solve his problem!

He sprang from his seatbox, crossed the cab, and yelled in Joe Malone's ear. Then he was back with his hand on the brake valve, slowing down the train. No. 19 slashed by them with a roar, on the adjoining track. Indicators were barely visible. Thank God she wasn't carrying signals.

Each fleeting moment was agony. The *Flyer* was two minutes past due out of Wishbone and there was no time shown for her at Riverview. The *Flyer* should still be a good 20 miles behind him, but piercing the fog at an 80 miles-an-hour gait wouldn't take long to eat up his small margin. Everything depended upon the crossover.

JOHNNY leaned far out of the cab, straining his eyes as he searched the track ahead. The fog seemed thicker. He had the train slowed to ten miles-an-hour but minutes were slipping by. It was possible he'd passed the crossover, or they'd removed it. It looked bad, when suddenly the switches loomed out of the fog, looking much like two lifeguards would to a drowning man.

He sprang to the deck, and draping an arm over the head brakeman's shoulder, said, "You drop off here at that crossover. I'll roll by a train length and stop. Then I'll whistle back with three longs and wait. If I haven't cleared the crossover, break an air hose. Otherwise, line the switches towards the westbound. If I still have the air after a minute, I'll start backing across."

Johnny hoped the young head understood the move. It was his only hope.

To judge 69 cars in a dense fog in the middle of the night isn't easy, so Johnny let them roll plenty far in spite of short time. It was faster to be ten cars over than to stop one car short and have to start them again. Finally he stopped the train, whistled three longs and waited.

Fog seems to carry sound. No. 19 could still be heard diminishing in the distance. By rights he should send Joe Malone ahead to flag the westbound, but Johnny decided the young fireman had had a trying enough trip without having to flag on his first trip. Besides, it would be almost impossible for any train to be so close behind No. 19.

Another minute passed and the brake-needle remained stationary. There wasn't a sound approaching. Johnny reversed the engine and opened the throttle, praying the crossover switches had been lined.

Five minutes after engine 747 had backed its train safely across to the westbound main line, Sierra Western's *Midnight Flyer* pierced the fog on the adjoining track doing 80, the three Diesel units roaring defiantly.

Johnny sighed and felt a little better. The horrible trip was nearly over and disaster had barely been averted. The head man was just unlocking the first crossover switch when Stormy Heinz mounted to the cab from the fireman's side. Johnny rose to meet him with clenched fists. His fingers somehow relaxed, for Stormy's hand was outstretched.

"I take it all back, kid," he boomed. "Any young runner who can pick out the only crossover between Riverview and Rockbrook in the middle of the foggiest night when he hasn't been up the pike for years is surer than hell a natural hogger!"

Johnny hesitated, grinned, then grasped Heinz's calloused hand.

"You're all right, kid," Stormy went on. But tell me, how did you know all about the crossover?"

"Where's the long oiler?" the head brakeman interrupted as he climbed to the cab. "I'll bet it's been six years since those switches were oiled."

ON THE SPOT

Our Readers Talk It Over With the Editorial Crew

GRAVEYARD RUN. After sadly watching the passing of nine Bangor & Aroostook steam engines at Northern Maine Junction, Me., on their way to the scrap pile, a BAR telegraph operator, John S. Brigham of 294 Fern Street, Bangor, Me., wrote this poem, *Funeral Train on the BAR:*

End of the run. Sad scene below was occasion for lament by BAR telegraph operator John S. Brigham, who witnessed funeral procession of nine iron horses on their way to the scrap pile. Photo was taken at Northern Maine Junction as derelicts were turned over to Maine Central Diesel
Bangor Daily News

The mourners were silent, standing still,
As the cortege passed slowly across the fill.
"Twenty per," the restrictions read;
But I think that mem'ries in the hogger's head
Would have held the speed down regardless,
For he knew their joints were old for stress.
The word had gone out along the line
And those who could make it were there on time.
A few with cameras, all gathered to watch
This last long ride to the flaming torch.
Veterans of twenty and thirty years, the 93, the 142,
Nine old workmen, and now they were through,
A Diesel's growl to be their dirge
As into the dimness of the past they'd merge.

* * *

HERBERT G. MONROE, known as "Preacher," a *Railroad Magazine* contributor from 'way back and an authority on Southern rail lore, has retired from a printer's job in the composing room of *The Atlanta Journal,* thus ending a career that began in 1903. That career was interrupted for a year or so during which Preacher worked as brakeman on the Southern Railway—"the happiest year of my life," he told us when he visited *Railroad Magazine* 10 or 12 years ago. The Georgian has had many fact articles and true tales published in this magazine, in addition to many railroad stories in *The Atlanta Journal.*

Preacher's friends on the *Journal* gave him a typewriter to continue his writing. He and his wife live at 4281 Osborne Road, Brookhaven, Ga., and have a mountain home near Andrews, N. C.

FIDDLETOWN & COPPEROPOLIS RY.

No. 41 Passengers and Crew of F & C Train No. 4 Hold Impromptu Christmas Celebration

by Carl Fallberg

RAILROADING was rough in the early days, recalls Bill Hudson, 78, Kansas City Southern passenger brakeman who has retired after 57 years of rail service. Maximum speed of freight trains was 15 miles an hour, passenger trains 20. "We didn't know how long it would take us to get over the division, anywhere from 12 to 30 hours, and a brakeman's pay was $1.63 for the run, regardless of time."

Promoted to passenger brakeman in 1904, he received free meals for drumming up business for the eating houses at which stops were made before the advent of dining cars.

* * *

INFORMATION is wanted by Charles R. Furr, former Union Pacific telegraph operator, of Box 7, Huntington Beach, Calif., regarding a UP train wreck on or about December 10, 1909, near Rawlins, Wyo. Reportedly one or more cars of bar silver were derailed; much silver vanished during the cleanup. The case went to court, with section men as defendants, but the mystery was not solved.

* * *

OLDEST man drawing an annuity under the Railroad Retirement Act is Charles H. Crouse, age 101, of Minneapolis, Minn., retired Milwaukee Road freight agent. He railroaded from 1871 till December '36. Despite his advanced age, he remains active, spending much of his time working around his yard, and reading.

* * *

CUMBERLAND VALLEY item in August *On the Spot,* page 136, caught the eye of T. J. Mahoney, 1235 Gunderson, Berwyn, Ill., who writes: "I wonder if Conductor Kuhn, whose letter you printed, remembers my father, Joseph M. Mahoney, formerly employed at the Shomo yards of the Cumberland Valley RR. in Hagerstown, Md. My grandfather, M. J. Mahoney, was CV road foreman of engines for years. My mother recalls a pretended mute who may have been the same man Kuhn wrote about.

"I have started collecting railroad songs. Who can tell me anything about the song entitled 'The Christmas Wreck'? My employer, Noble Finnell, says he was among the searchers mentioned in that old ballad. I believe many readers would welcome a revival of your once-popular sub-department, *Railroad Rimes.* How about it, fellows?"

* * *

MISS SP is a title that litle Sandra Pauline Reed could rightfully claim. She was born on the Southern Pacific *Argonaut* as it was rolling through Texas recently. Passengers suggested the name for the baby because her first two initials are the same as those of the railroad.

* * *

DOG FINDS BOY. Joining the search for a missing 3-year-old boy, a Jersey Central freight conductor, William Covert, set out with a lantern, a cowbell and his foxhound, Skippy, in the woods around Lake Hopatcong, N. J. With the dog in the lead, he came upon the lad lying face down in the thick underbrush. After a good rest in a hospital, little Richard L. Dingman proved to be none the worse for his harrowing experience of being lost for three days and four nights.

* * *

PHOTO of Soo Line engine No. 27 (August, page 134) was taken at Gladstone, Mich., about 1936, comments Bruce Miller of 924 North 25th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wis. The engine had just pulled train No. 87 from Sault Ste. Marie. "All of the Soo Line's 0-5-S class, including the 4-4-0 shown," he writes, "were scrapped by October 1943."

NOISE-ABATING devices, because of their public relations value and health and efficiency factors, are being used more and more by railroads in shops, dispatchers' rooms, general offices and terminals. This equipment includes exhaust snubbers for locomotives and sound-conditioned offices and shops.

Another evidence, according to officials of the Burgess-Manning Company, is the installation of doorless, acoustically treated phone booths in noisy spots such as the New York Central's ultra-modern Toledo station, New York subway platforms, railroad shops, offices adjacent to shops, and yard dispatching offices.

These booths have walls of thick sound-absorbing material, protected on both sides by perforated plywood or steel paneling. The walls soak up high- and low-frequency sounds, both inside and outside the booth, creating a zone where quiet phone conversations can be carried on without raising the voice, regardless of surrounding noises.

Thanks to new sound-proofing, nickel's worth of privacy (10c in N.Y.) can now be had in noisy surroundings such as railroad shops, yard offices. NY Central has installed phone hideaways in ultra-modern Toledo Station

Burgess-Manning

* * *

MOVIE fans will be interested in the new film, *A Picture Is Made,* based on the recent filming of the Columbia photoplay, *Santa Fe,* which stars Randolph Scott and Janis Carter. A 16 mm. sound-color film, running 22 minutes, it shows the vast amount of preparation involved in making a feature movie even before a camera is set up.

Another new film, *Shining Rails,* is available for loan at General Electric apparatus sales offices.

* * *

CANADIAN PACIFIC has taken over 37 miles of railway, newly built by the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission to replace a CPR stretch flooded by a new hydroelectric development. The route is between Mattawa and Timiskimang on the 113-mile branch to Angliers, parallelling the Ontario-Quebec border. Rails, fastenings, tele-

graph lines, poles and some ties were salvaged before the area was inundated.

* * *

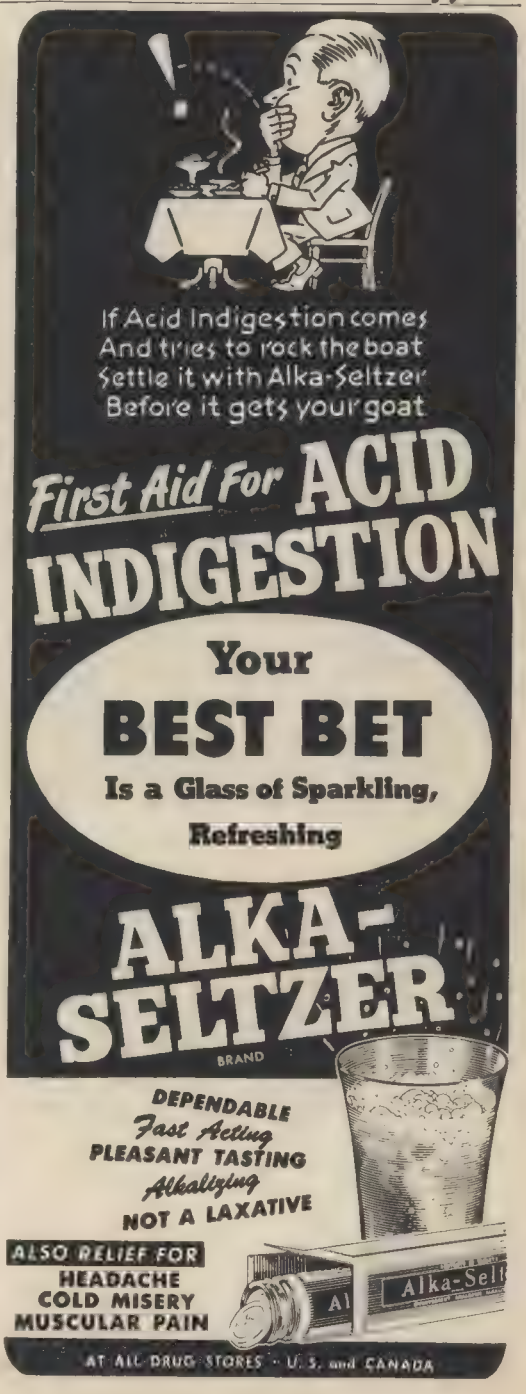
THE GAS TURBINE, most modern power plant for locomotives, aircraft and other machinery, could be made nearly one-third more powerful with the same fuel consumption by relatively small improvements in certain metals, according to Dr. C. G. Suits, vice-president and research director of General Electric.

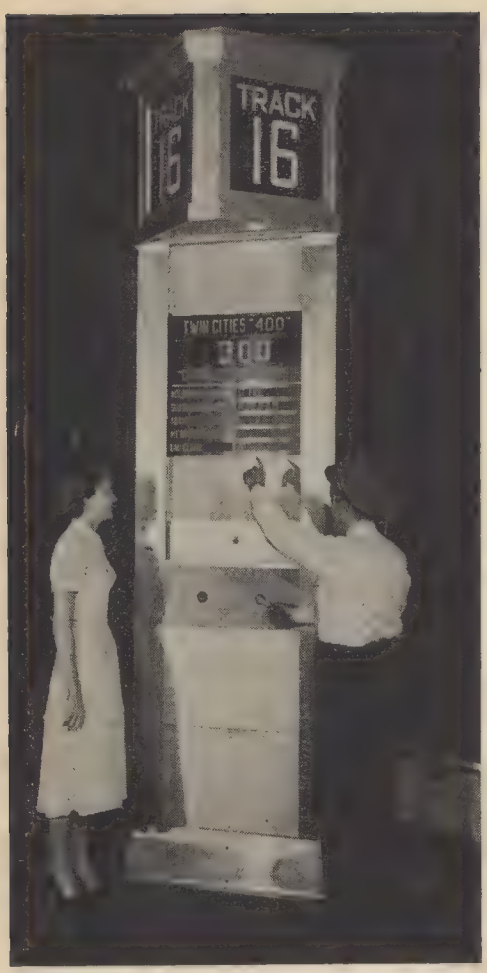
"Present gas turbines," he says, "operate at a turbine bucket temperature of 1500 degrees Fahrenheit. When this temperature can be increased a mere 100 degrees (by developing metals able to withstand such increase), turbine efficiency will increase 15 percent, and more important, the net power output will increase 30 percent."

* * *

VIRGINIA & TRUCKEE. Taking issue with the first letter run in September *On the Spot*, Albert M. Lewers of 310 East Capitol Street, Washington 3, D. C., writes:

"I fear that Frank Breadner mixed up some things he had heard about the now defunct V&T with what he may have seen when he was a brakeman on it. He says the road at that time ran between Reno and Minden. Actually, the Carson-Virginia City stretch had been abandoned then. He mentions 'shipments of gold and silver bars.' There used to be such shipments, away back in the days when the V&T ran to Virginia City and the mines there were in production. They came down to Reno in the express car of a passenger train, not the mixed train.





C&NW Passenger Agent John Koscielniak (sorry, Mr. Printer) points out to Virginia Golokowski (excuse it, Mr. Printer) translucent plates in new train indicator boards at Chicago Terminal. Panels indicating train departure times are illumined from rear.
Courtesy C&NM

"As for mountain goats, I was born and raised near that section of the Sierras but never heard of any such animals being seen there. Besides, the V&T never ran close to either of the Washoe Valley lakes. There may have been 'myriads of wild ducks' on those lakes; but if so, that was many years ago. The V&T was abandoned May 31, 1950. Too many autos and trucks."

* * *

SIXTEEN new train indicator boards, custom-built and said to be the most modern in the country, have been installed in the Chicago & North Western passenger terminal at Chicago. These are cased in aluminum. Each panel is illuminated from the rear and contains information on track number, train departure time, and a list of stations the train serves.

All data is engraved on translucent plastic plates; 4800 plates are required for the 169 suburban and through trains operated out of the terminal. Chicago is the only C&NW station name not mentioned on the indicator boards. Instead of being overhead, as other indicators are, these are mounted at eye level.

* * *

UTAH'S first Methodist Episcopal Church services were conducted June 26, 1870, by Rev. G. M. Pierce at Ogden Union Depot, which was then used by the Union Pacific and Central Pacific. Services were held there occasionally until September 21, 1870, when the congregation moved to other quarters, we learn from Hugh F. O'Neil of 659 23rd Street, Ogden.

At Salisbury, Md., the Asbury Methodist Church has a unique claim to distinction—a stained glass memorial window dedicated to the old New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk RR. (now PRR), reports Herbert C. Forte of 36 Franklin Avenue, Claymont, Dela. The church took this means of expressing gratitude to the railroad for carrying free of charge tons of granite from the old Fort Deposit quarries in 1887 while the church was being built.

* * *

THE FOURTH R. Two grammar schools in Shelbyville, Tenn., have added a course in railroading to the proverbial "Readin', 'Ritin', and 'Rithmetic." According to Prof. L. I. Mills,

principal of one of the schools, this fourth R is just about the most popular course in the curriculum.

A reporter for the *NC&StL Ry. Bulletin,* visiting the Mills School, found that even the fourth grade was transportation-minded. "One wall was literally filled with railroad pictures, words, phrases, information, etc. And in the Eastside grammar school the reporter found that even the first-graders were railfans.

* * *

LONGEST freight run by one crew may once have been the 226-mile record referred to in September *On the Spot* and in the November *Information Booth* but, according to Jesse Linebarger, furloughed Union Pacific hostler helper, of Box 495, Caliente, Nev., since the UP quit changing crews at Caliente, the freight crews now run between Milford, Utah, and Las Vegas, Nev., 242.6 miles.

* * *

SCHILLING Hobby House. One of our readers, W. F. Schilling, has converted his home at 304 Poplar Street, Northfield, Minn., into an art and railroad museum.

"I tried to get an old French bell to put in the yard beside my 16-foot replica of the Statue of Liberty," he writes, "but failed. After reading Freeman Hubbard's article, "Romance of Locomotive Bells" I decided to ask railroad presidents to donate old locomotive bells and dedicate them to the Boy Scouts of America. I wrote letters to 27 officials and received 24 bells. My lawn covers an acre and a half, just one block in front of the Rock Island depot here."

PERSONALITIES. Alfred H. Hock, retired Norfolk & Western engineer, has just entered the last terminal. Gordon S. Hamilton reports his death at Bluefield, W. V. Many readers remember him as the author of "Pocahontas Division," serialized in our March and April '45 issues. After handling steam and juice on the same division for 48 years, the old hogger had said, "I feel I've done my share of the world's work."

Edgar F. Sheppard, who commuted for 59 years between his Plainfield, N. J., home and New York City on the Jersey Central, has finally retired as secretary-treasurer of a New York cement company. He no longer commutes. During all those years no accident ever happened to a train he was riding, except that once a locomotive driving rod was broken.

An octogenarian resident of Okawville, Ill., John J. Frank, says that nearly every

Liberty bells are all from old locomotives. Last we heard from W. F. Schilling he had 24 in his yard and was expecting to hear from three more roads. Schilling tolls public 50c admission to his "art museum" in Northfield, Minn.

W. F. Schilling

day, rain or shine, since he was about 10 years old, he has been meeting the Louisville & Nashville (originally St. Louis & Southeastern) morning train from St. Louis.

Guy Overacker of Niles, Calif., is believed to be the only 4-year-old boy who rode a dead locomotive for 2000 miles. The fact that one of his great-grandfathers, Howard Overacker, rode horseback across the great plains from Michigan to California in 1848 is of slight importance to Guy, who traveled in the cab of a dead switch engine from LaSalle, Ill., to Niles on a 16-day trip to his home. Guy's father, who is a Pacific State Steel Corporation maintenance foreman, and his mother recently drove east to pick up the engine and the youngster went along. Guy and his father came back in the engine cab, while Mrs. Overacker trailed them in the family automobile.

Walter Jackson, Louisville & Nashville conductor on the Owensboro Division, has the distinction of having worked for the L&N for 42 of his 58 years. And three L&N station agents have been in service 40 years or more at one depot and are still there. Two men of the Oden family, father and son, held down the L&N agency at Hartselle, Ala., from 1873 to 1849.

Daniel E. Dailey, now deceased, was an L&N crossing watchman for nearly 51 years (1883-1934) at the same spot, Winchester Street in Paris, Ky. He must have known that locality pretty well.

An extraordinarily long record was that of J. J. Owen, who was station agent for the GM&O at Starksville, Miss., for almost 62 years, from March 1, 1889, to December 1, 1950, when he retired.

* * *

EXTRA-FARE trains, except the New York Central's *20th Century Limited,* no longer operate in the East. The last NYNH&H train to give up its extra-fare status was the *Merchants Limited,* which runs between New York and Boston.

Like prompter in grand opera are spotters in undertrack inspection pit at CPR's St. Luc Yard, Montreal. As cars are pushed over hump, men in pit watch through shatterproof glass for defects, relay information to retarder operator

Railroad **editors have assessed themselves 30 brownies each for October issue boner first pointed out by VGN fan H. Reid of Norfolk, Va.**

ON THE New York Central: An elevator in the Albany, N. Y., Union Station broke down more than 30 years ago and hadn't budged since. Now it is being replaced. The Central has just obtained a permit to install a new lift in the old shaft.

A freight house at Jordan, N. Y., was knocked 8 feet off its foundation the other day when two freight cars hit it.

Jewelry valued at more than $400 was stolen from a Central boxcar at Tarrytown, N. Y. The car was used as a rail-

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road office. Stolen items: a man's gold watch, an engagement ring and a lady's cocktail ring.

All Putnam Division trains stopped recently at Kitchawan, N. Y., on the day Harry A. Warner retired after 43 years as Kitchawan station agent. Engine and train crews joined local residents in giving Harry a farewell. Harry had gone out of his way to do favors for people. For instance, when passengers got off at his station with no means of getting home, he would jump into his car and drive them there.

* * *

SEMAPHORES. "When I was a boy, Ives electric trains were still on the market," B. H. Nichols writes in *Michigan Railfan.* "I used to observe their semaphore signals were made backward—so I thought—with the arms pointing inward, toward the track, contrary to real railroad practice. Not until I rode the New Haven three years ago did I realize the Ives designers were right after all; they had simply looked at the signals on the railroad through their city, Bridgeport, Conn., and made miniatures of them."

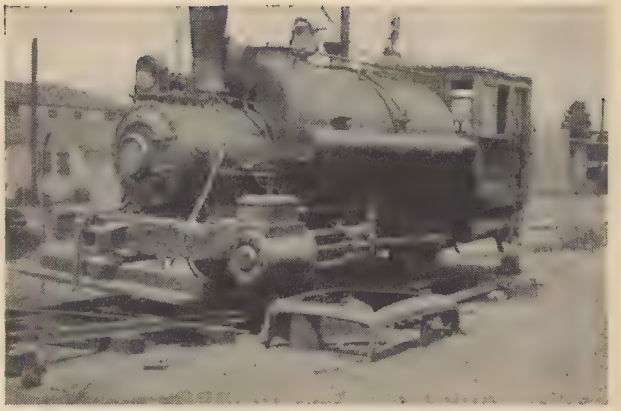
* * *

THREE MONTHS after the turn of the century, W. H. Price, then 18, hired out as a lightning slinger on the old Houston, East & West Texas at Logansport, La. That road, known as the *Rabbit,* is now part of the Espee. Price has retired on pension, having completed 51 years of service for the same road, and 47 of those years were spent as agent in charge of the Logansport depot.

In connection with his work Price met a local business man, whose pretty daughter Mary he subsequently married.

PHOTO of the yard goat in *The Rocketing Rock Island*, page 31, caught the eye of Howard L. Fairchild, 2912 Carolina Street, San Pedro, Calif., who says he hasn't missed reading a copy of this magazine since 1929.

"When the Pacific Electric scrapped their Long Beach to Seal Beach setup in the early 1930s Shanahan Bros. used that O-4 OT engine to help cut up the line. After that I lost track of her until recently, when a scrap-iron outfit at Alameda and Tweedy Beach, Los Angeles, bought her, minus the oil headlights and tender but equipped with an air-pump and tank, with *CRI&P* still on her cylinders. What was her original number? She's now 2 and 1602. I've enclosed a picture of her."



H. L. Fairchild

H. L. F. tripped over old O-4-OT pal in junk yard

NOT SO. September *On the Spot*, page 130, carried a photo of an Atlanta roundhouse used jointly by the Georgia Railroad, the Atlanta & West Point, the Western of Alabama and the Louisville & Nashville. Guy G. Sanders of 1238 Holley Street NW, Atlanta, Ga., points out that the caption comments instead on Atlanta's Terminal and Union stations. Those two depots are actually about two miles west of the scene shown.

"Aside from that discrepancy," Sanders writes, "your caption says the L&N uses both the Terminal and Union stations. It does not use the Terminal. Several trains from the Midwest arrive at Union Station on the L&N or NC&StL en route to Florida and depart from the Terminal via Central of Georgia tracks. Northbound, of course, the procedure is reversed. This confuses some people, because a Central of Georgia switcher pulls the northbound train across town, while an L&N switching crew handles the southbound movement."

From Donald H. Kotz of 7722 28th Avenue, Kenosha, Wis.: "Regarding the photo of C&NW No. 2902 (October, *On the Spot* page 140), you say there are few

C. C. Gilbert

Her pilot and smokebox were almost buried beneath frozen motive power, but Milwaukee Engine 228 on Train 18 was still going strong as she arrived at Aberdeen, S. Dak.

Class E-2A engines left, whereas all E-2A and E-2B have actually been redesignated Class E-2. This was done several years ago. All are now coal-burners and are alike except for large tenders on the former E-2As." He asks: "When did *Railroad Magazine* run an all-time index of motive power rosters it has published?" *Answer:* July '49.

Commenting on our MoPac roster (September), Tom Mohr of 2250 West Giddings Street, Chicago 25, Ill., writes: "You say the 2100 series 4-8-4s were Lima-built. They were really old 2-8-4s, 1900 series, 1901 to 1925, rebuilt by MoPac into 4-8-4s and renumbered 2101 to 2125, but Nos. 2116, 2118, 2120 were scrapped Oct. '42."

Light of the Lantern (September, page 60) referred to "William Brothers Boiler & Manufacturing Company," which should have read "William Bros (pronounced 'Brose')" according to Frank J. Fust of 2124 Emerson Avenue N, Minneapolis 11, Minn.

Mrs. Elsbeth J. Maginn of Route 2, Box 199, Pittsburg, Calif., spotted a caption in the August *Carbarn Comments* page 89, which placed Vevey in France instead of in Switzerland.

Concerning the caption in the October *On the Spot,* page 130, Edwin S. Jarrett of 393 7th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y., writes: "The Spokane, Portland & Seattle train coming off the Columbia River bridge's north end swinging onto SP&S tracks—the UP-NP tracks to Seattle can be seen beyond the engine—is obviously an eastbound train and should have an even number, possibly No. 6."

Linwood Moody's *Hereabouts & Elsewhere Railroads* (October issue) is not entirely accurate, according to C. C. Campbell of 207 South Edison Avenue, Tampa 6, Fla., who comments: "There is no 'Erie' in Florida; the author may have meant Eridu. He gives the wrong impression that the Atlantic Coast Line is entirely a coast route. Besides, the Seaboard Air Line isn't *all* straight track, nor does a bee always fly in a straight line. Beginning at Norfolk, Va., Seaboard's headquarters, you will find the SAL, as well as the ACL, serving a number of seaports; each has 'a hoof in the brine' a-plenty.

"The Florida East Coast is true to its name, even though it has a minor branch to Benson Jct. on the 'Atlanticked' roads, Moody had stated that two more, the Atlantic & Western and the Atlantic & Yadkin are not within hailing distance of the Western ocean, despite their names, but didn't he mean 'eastern ocean'?"

Apropos of Moody's piece, Harry L. Britzius of 6135 Southwest Kelly Avenue, Portland 1, Ore., writes: "How about the Southern Pacific? It certainly reaches the Pacific Ocean. As to the Union Pacific, while it does not reach that ocean, it does extend to tidal water, as the tide comes to Portland up the Columbia River."

Edwin P. Alexander of Upper River Road, Box 528, Yardley, Pa., builder of scale models and former conductor of a *Model Railroading* department in this magazine, writes:

"October *Spot,* page 137, illustrates a model of the famous locomotive *General,* captioned 'faithful to original.' This is incorrect if you refer to the engine's appearance at the time of the Andrews raid in 1862. If you said the model looks as her prototype does *today,* you'd probably be correct. A Brady photo of her taken during the war shows a different stack. Back in 1914, too, Wilbur Kurtz (son-in-law of the conductor who led the pursuit of the Andrews raiders) made some watercolor paintings of scenes during the raid. These are as accurate as any artist has yet depicted the *General* and show the early type of stack. The *General* really should be restored to her original appearance."

* * *

SENTIMENTAL is the word for Norvel C. Parker of 55 Irving Street, West Springfield, Mass., who writes: "I enjoyed reading *A New Voice for the Growler* (September). Inasmuch as the roads are replacing steam engines with growlers, the least they can do is leave us

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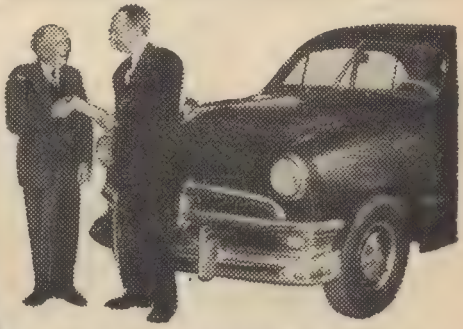

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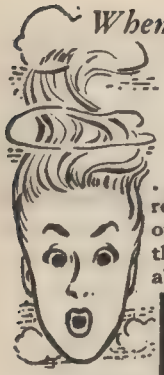

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* * *

ARTICLES left behind by travelers on Japan's passenger trains, include a burial urn containing a man's ashes, two rabbits, 42,000 umbrellas, 32,000 hats, 21,000 lunch-boxes, and more than 4 million yen (about $11,000) in cash.

* * *

A DOG was caught recently in a New York Central right-of-way fence at Fairland, Ind., and was struggling vainly to get free when Engineer R. L. Francisco on Train No. 419 spied him and made a special stop at Fairland to tell the agent. Meanwhile, the crew on Extra 2720 stopped and freed the captive. A passerby volunteered to care for the dog's injuries.

* * *

NEW ENGLAND now has what is described as its "first timetable printed entirely in English." The *ABC Pathfinder,* which publishes schedules of all passenger trains and airplanes serving Boston, observed its 92nd birthday by issuing a timetable with no asterisks, daggers or other gimmicks advising readers to see reference so-and-so on page 11A.

Such information as "Saturdays only" or "Mondays and Thursdays between June 17 and Sept. 21" is now placed directly after the destinations.

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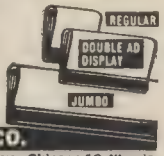

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LAST STOP is the Reader's Choice Coupon (below) which guides your editorial crew in selecting material for future issues of *Railroad Magazine*. Some readers use the coupon. Others prefer not to clip the magazine; they send home-made coupons, postcards or letters. Regardless of how votes are given, all count the same. Results of balloting on the November issue show as follows:

1. Badger State Road, *Scribbins*
2. Light of the Lantern
3. Saga of the Spurs, *Lorenzino*
   On the Spot
4. Land Grant Legend, *Gross*
5. Electric Lines, *Greene & Maguire*
6. Big Mac, *Kennedy*
7. Nuts and Bolts, *Thomas*
8. Locomotives of the GM&O
9. Sam Draper's Last Stand, *Murdock*
   Fiddletown & Copperopolis, *Fallberg*

Best photos: *76-77*, 132, 128

Reader's Choice Coupon

Stories, features and departments I liked best in the January issue are:

1. .....
2. .....
3. .....
4. .....
5. .....
6. .....

Best photo on page .....

Name .....

Occupation .....

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Railroad Camera Club

S. R. Sellar

Bob Brown of Pointe Claire, Quebec, is as reasonable as the next Railroad Camera Club fan but he draws the line and raises a sound argument in *Railfan Etiquette*

RAILFAN ETIQUETTE. Since the Railroad Camera Club was founded 20 years ago we have had relatively few complaints about the methods used by engine picture collectors. This hobby is free of the frauds that sometimes center around big-money activities. No one ever got rich from the sale of locomotive photos. However, a more widespread observance of certain courtesies in dealings with fellow collectors, especially regarding unreasonable requests, should be stressed now

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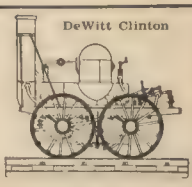

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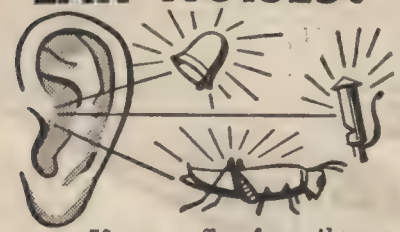

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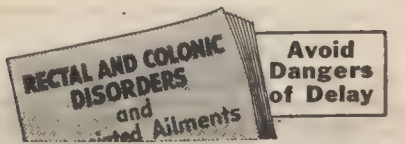

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and then. Consider the case of Robert R. Brown of 201 Lakeshore Road, Pointe Claire 33, Quebec, Canadian representative of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, who writes:

"Several weeks ago I had a rather amusing experience which made me think someone should write a piece on railfan etiquette. At 11:45 p.m. I was taking a bath and the rest of the family had gone to bed when my wife got up to tell me that someone was banging on the front door. By the time I got partly dried, decently covered and to the front window, a fellow was bawling in a loud voice that must have disturbed the whole neighborhood. He said he had come from the West. He wanted to see me and show me his engine picture collection, which he thought was the largest in Canada, and he desired to see my collection.

"I am willing to see anyone, but I am averse to having a stranger invade my home a few minutes before midnight to indulge in a picture-viewing session which normally would take 3 or 4 hours. He soon departed, probably with an opinion of Eastern hospitality that matched my opinion of Western visiting hours.

"On another occasion, a railfan living in Florida asked me to procure for him, a photo of every engine that ever ran in Canada with driving wheels larger than 72 inches! When I refused he was quite insulted.

"And on still another occasion I happened to say I was interested only in collecting pictures of early Canadian locomotives and Canadian railway scenes prior to about 1900. This, I think, is a fairly reasonable specialty; but a very prominent collector, who does not specialize, suggested that I have my head examined. Most railfans are decent people, but one does meet some awful nuts."

Next month *Railroad Camera Club* will delve into overly-cautious yard guardians, who block photographers by hiding behind the phrase: "Sorry, this place comes under Army security." M. B. Wakefield sounds off on the subject, in a letter

ITEMS sent to the *Switch List* and *Model Trading Post* are published free, in good faith, but without guarantee. Write plainly and keep 'em short. Print name and complete address.

Because of time needed to edit, print and distribute this magazine, all material should reach the Editor nine weeks before publication date. Redball handling is given to items we get the first week of each month, if accompanied by latest Reader's Choice Coupon (clipped from page 136 or home-made).

Because of scarcity of space, we prefer that no reader be listed here oftener than once in three months.

Use these abbreviations: *photo,* photograph; *cond.,* condition; *ea.,* each; *elec.,* electric; *env.,* envelope; *eqpmt.,* equipment; *esp.,* especially; *info.,* information; *n.g.,* narrow-gage; *negs.,* negatives; *p.c.,* postcard; *pref.,* preferably; *tr.,* train.

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Do not use the term *pix* interchangeably for photos and drawings. Specify *photo* or *drawing*.

The term *tts.* refers to public timetables, unless preceded by *emp.*, when it means employe's (operating) timetables.

(R) indicates desire to buy, swap or sell back issues of *Railroad Magazine* or its predecessors, *Railroad Man's Magazine* or *Railroad Stories*. (Specify condition of each copy.)

(*) indicates juicefan appeal.

Switch List

(R) M. W. ABBOTT, 23 Bedford Ave., Milford, Conn., wants material on old-time Colo. rds., esp. annual passes, photos, tts., nothing modern. Trade or cash.

CHAS. P. ATHERTON, Brentwood Rd., Exeter, N. H., will buy photos Boston & Maine 1409, 1412, 1417, 1419, 1463, 1473, 1485, 1492; 2002, 2011, 2014 to 2025, 2039, 2042, 2043, 2051, 2052, 2055, 2062. Breaking up collec. many photos small rds.; will exch. for B&M or will swap Eastern; Concord; Boston & Lowell; Portland & Rochester for B&M. State your offers.

(R) WM. H. BIESECKER, 40 S. Merrick Ave., Merrick, N. Y., will sell *Railroad Magazines, Trains, Model Bldr., Model RR.;* also uniform buttons from PRR, LI, many others for sale or swap. Send stamped self-addressed en. for reply; answers no p.c's.

R. BUCKHOUT, 255 Prospect St., East Orange, N. J., offers gold loco charm of 999 type engine with tender. Charm has detachable ring; excell. detail both sides; 1-inch long; $3 p.p.

(R) BERNARD BURNS, Mt. Vernon, Mo., wishes to dispose of '50, few '51 *Railroad Magazines.*

GEORGE J. CAPDEVIELLE, 2608 64th Ave., Oakland 5, Calif., will sell size 616 photos SF, Southern Pacific Tonopah & Tidewater, Tonopah & Goldfield, Western Pac.; list, sample 10c.

(R) CLARENCE T. CARLSON, Rte. 2, Box 109, Monticello, Minn., will sell *Railroad Magazines* Apr. '38 to Dec. '41; Mar., May., Sept., Nov., Dec. '43; Mar., May, June, Nov. '44; Jan., Feb. '45; Mar. '46; Aug. '47; no covers; 35¢ ea., postage prepaid; also has few GN emp. tts., 25¢ p.p.

MARTIN CONDON, 3 Bangs Ave., N. Merrick, N. Y., wants photo Western Maryland 2-8-0 No. 776; will pay 50¢ to $1 for glossy finish.

(*) V. CONSERVA, 15 Lawrence St., Yonkers, N. Y., will sell 16 diff. photos of abdn. Bronx, New Rochelle and Yonkers trolley cars, 10¢ ea., 4 subway photos, 10¢ ea. Wants trolley photos; send list.

CECIL COOK, Waukon, Iowa, has photos *Mallets*, other types, many rds.; free list. Milw. Road, action, still photos; list, sample 10¢. All excell, cond. Will buy *Mallet* photos, negs.; send lists or approvals, esp. AT&SF 1300, 1700, 3000, 3300 classes. Wants Milw. emp, tts., most divs.; *Trains* Feb. '45.

(R) RAY CRAWFORD, 149 William St., London, Ont., Canada, will trade *Railroad Magazines, Trains,* many Canadian loco photos for Amer., Canadian eng. photos.

CHAS. CROCKFORD, 306 3rd St., Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada, wants to buy or trade photos, cars, locos, elec. eqpmt., n.g. eqpmt., underbody detail, car-end views, unusual eqpmt., esp. CP snow melter, Budd railcars, Sperry Rail Serv. Car, inside views of eqpmt. Also drawings or plans (any scale) eqpmt., car interiors.

(*) ROY W. DENNO, 306 Boylston St., Lowell, Mass., collects street ry. motor man and conductor cap badges. Will trade old trsfs., tkts., tokens, trolley photos; also steam RR material for badges.

F. L. DONNENWORTH, Vancouver, B. C., Canada, will sell back issues *Trains* mags. for best offer.

(R) G. R. DRIGGERS 2408 Danville St., Hopewell, Va., has *Railroad Magazines* Dec. '29 to Dec. '46; set of Blur Prints of SAL's 2500s, 2-6-6-4 type. Wants size 116, 616 photos SAL steam locos; send list, prices. Also wants size 116 steam locos, *Trains* prior '46, *Model Railroader,* Lucius Bebee's books; also 15-20 lb. rail.

(R) J. FELIX, 208 Pleasant St., Roseville, Calif., will sell by yr. only *Railroad Magazines* Jan. '42 to date; *Trains* Feb. '46 to date; *RR Panorama, Railroads of America;* all good cond.

DAN FOLEY, 29 Linden St., Springfield, Mass., wants size 116 photos n.g. or shortline cars, small locos, back issues of model mags.; send lists, prices. Answers all mail.

(*) JAMES H. FORD JR., 2234 Madison Ave., Baltimore 16, Md., wants to buy photos diff. types of trs. from oldtimers to latest streamliners. Also interested in streetcars, buses, trolley coaches.

M. P. GANEY, 2212 North Penn, Indianapolis 5, Ind., will sell or trade annual passes U.S. RRs 1856 to 1918 for annual passes, reports, tts. or other printed material of Ind. RRs prior 1900.

PVT. WM. H. GIBBONS, U. S. 55167103, Stu. Co. #14 STR, Southeastern Signal School, Camp Gordon, Ga., wants good negs. Erie steam power, esp. S engs. K5, K5a Pacifics in Ohio Dist.; also C&NW, NYC, B&O, IC, any size.

NORMAN H. GRANZ, University Apts., Apt. 1 So., Durham, N.H., will sell loco photos of the B&M, other nearby rds.; 6¢ in stamps for list, sample.

L. H. GRIER, 123 Morningside Dr. Elmira, N. Y., will trade German 35-mm. camera and equipmt. for HO eqpmt. or tape recorder.

(*) KENNETH HARRISON, 5871 S. Hoover St., Los Angeles 44, Calif., wants photos, negs., drawings, info., on Calif. elec. rys; also any and all trsfrs., tts., esp. Pac., Elec., and LATL, San Francisco city lines maps, LATL old maps, '10 to '40.

(*) ROBT. HEGLUND, TEMSN, USS Latimer, APA 152 c/o Fleet Post Office, New York, N. Y., wants negs. Speedrail and Milw. Elec. interrurbans. Also any other Wis. interurbans.

(*) KEN HENDERSON, 24 Alpha St., Rochester 12, N. Y., wants to buy photos elec. locos, streetcars, interurbans, pref. views of sides or ends suitable for scaling to build models. Wants photos or drawings of International Ry., Lockport, N. Y.; NYC locos used in Niagara Falls.

J. E. HICKS, 785 S. Lake, Pasadena 5, Calif., wants RR loco photos western RRs, 1860 to 1890s.

(R) WALTER N. HOFER, 41 Maltby Pl., New Haven, Conn., will sell 176 *Railroad Magazines*, excell. cond., Nov. '36 to Sept. '51 exc. May '41, Mar. '42, July '46.

DON HOFSOMMER, Box 807, Spencer, Iowa, wants to buy negs. or photos M&StL motive power, esp. steam; also negs. other rds. Also buys latest emp. tts. Has old tr. ords. for sale.

F. W. HOLTON, 141 Bruce St., Brantford, Ont., Canada, wants '47 or older *Loco Cycl.* Write first; answers all mail.

ROGER IHLENFELDT, 2537 W. Fond du Lac Ave., Milwaukee 6, Wis., wants Milw. Road loco photos.

ARTHUR B. JOHNSON, 1072 E. Commercial St., Springfield 2, Mo., sells size 616 eng. photos, 20 for $1; Frisco, ATSF, SP, MoPac, IC, RRI, NYC, PRR, B&O, CBQ, CNW, WAB, T&P, others; 5 sampes 25¢. No list; state wants.

(R*) CHAS. S. JONES, 2920 W. Master St., Philadelphia 21, Pa., will sell *Railroad Magazines* '38, '40, '42, '46, '47, '50, clipped; most issues '37, '39, '41 to '45, '48, '49, all excell. cond. Best offer for any or all. Also buys or trades elec. ry. negs., trsfs.

BOB KAIN, 26 Whitton Rd., Hamilton, Ont., Canada, trades and sells CPR, TH&B photos and negs., sizes 116, 616.

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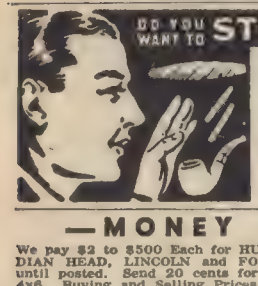

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(R) CHAS. L. KENT, 3563 J St., San Diego 2, Calif., wants *Railroad Magazine* July '35, good cond.

JOHN R. KOCH, 5 Main St., Joliett, Pa., will sell *Model Railroaders* '34; also has some issues '37 to '40, '42; answers all mail.

(R*) BASIL W. KOOB, Box 279, Fort Dodge, Ia., will sell *Railroad Magazines* '38 to '50, yrs. or single copy. Also photos compl. roster CGW steam locos, McKeen motor cars, FtDDM&S, DM&CI interurbans; abdn. DM Street Ry. cars, eqpmt. State size photos wanted; p.c. 10¢; 5x7, 30¢.

(R) LEWIS S. LAWRENCE, Falkland, N. C., has 50 *Railroad Magazines* incl. Mar. '40 to Dec. '43; 30 other rail publications, few tr. ords., 350 size 116, larger photos, mostly Southern rds., plus 50 negs.; all good cond.; will go to first $25, plus postage.

WM. F. LOTT, 23 Weir St., Taunton, Mass., is disposing of old Southern RR tts.; send stamp for list.

W. G. McCONNELL, 1817 Ave. K, Galveston, Tex., will buy photos Nos. 1 to 36 of Fiddletown & Copperopolis Ry.

(*) DONALD MAAG, 205 Newport, Webster Groves 19, Mo., is selling large collec. maps, tts., trsfs. Compl. list, further info. for 3¢ stamp. Also wants to buy or trade old tts., maps, passes, from St. Louis Pub. Serv. Co. and St. Louis County Transit Co. Write first; answers all mail.

PHILIP R. MARTIN, 126 Elizabeth St., Elyria, O., will trade for size 116 elec. rail photos, most p.p., 3 Beebe books, *Trains in Transition, High Iron, Highliners*, also 15 trains albums on RRs.

RAY MATTHEWS, 533-13 Ave. E., Calgary, Alberta, Canada, Has few tr. ords., emp. tts., few size 620 photos to trade or sell. Answers all mail.

(R) WM. J. MILLER, 15219 Regina Ave., Allen Park, Mich., will sell *Railroad Magazines* compl. '43 to '50 exc. May '43, Apr., Nov. '48, Dec. '49, Feb., Aug. '50, $24 p.p.; *Off. Guides* July '43, June '44, Apr. '51, $1 ea. p.p.

(R) JOHN E. MIRACLE, 1814 Freemont St., McKeesport, Pa., will sell *Railroad Magazines*, *Trains*, *Trains* albums of photos; send for list. Will trade many *Railroad Magazines*, *Trains* for emp. tts. NYC, SP, UP, LIRR, N&W, Sou.

(*) CHAS. G. MOCKBEE, 485 Engr. Combat Bn. H&S. Co., A. P. O. 225 c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y., will buy any size photos C&LE, LVT, Crandic. Wants to contact juicefans in Germany. Will trade small German rail photos; also Wash.-Va. Ry. or will buy.

R. G. NUGENT, 243 Main St., Dansville, N. Y., Erie agent-operator, wants to hear from D&H, Rutland, Central Vermont operators. Wants BR&P, B&S, PS&N, Wellsville & Buffalo tts., emp. tts., negs. Has photos, few negs., other items to trade for negs., photos not larger than p.c. size.

(R) M. J. OLSEN, 4931 Rosslyn, Indianapolis, Ind., will sell 90 *Railroad Mazazines*, broken issues '38 to '50, excell. to good cond., compl. exc. 11 covers, $15 cash, express extra.

(*) RALPH H. PAYNE, 3738 Ebenezer Rd., Cincinnati 11, O., is disposing of entire collec. railroadiana; mags., tts., emp. tts., calendars, railfan publications, elec. lines material, 8-page listing available; stamp appreciated. Will sell or trade for size 616 negs.

JOHN E. PERRY JR., 952 E. State St., Ithaca, N. Y., wants to buy Beebe's *Highliners;* must be in good, clean cond.; send p.c. with desired price.

JAMES A. RAMSEY, 3rd St. & Pretty Lake Ave., Norfolk 3, Va., will sell *MRRs* '41 exc. May, June, Aug.; '42 to '46; '47 exc. Jan.; '48 to '51; 25¢ ea. if purchased by yr.; will trade for any *Trains* mag. prior Nov. '45.

(*) PHILIP G. RECTOR, 207 E. 54th St., Savannah, Ga., will sell misc. photos of streetcars, interurbans, short lines in East, esp. Indianapolis rys. and Savannah Elec. Will trade. List for stamp; sample 10¢.

WALTER B. REDMAN, 8781 Arcadia Ave., Detroit 4, Mich., wants to buy copy of *Woods* (Mich.) *Ry. Guide*, prior 1900. Submit best offer, cash.

J. E. ROBERTSON, Stanfield, Ore., will sell homemade book over 400 pictures of RR engs. from earliest to new streamliners, covering most changes and also 19 foreign rds.; all are clipped from various RR mags., mostly *Engineer's Local.*

(R) BERNARD A. ROSSBACH, 9241 S. Peoria St., Chicago 20, Ill., will sell *Railroad Magazines* May '46 to Feb. '51; *Trains* Nov. '46 to Feb. '51; *Model Railroader* Mar. '47 to Feb. '51; *The Lionel Model Builder* Jan. '37 to Jan. '46 (1 to 53); all mag. in good, unclipped cond. Some extra misc. copies of ea. dating back to '39 are available. Make offer or send stamp for list.

Railroad Camera Club

RICHARD W. RUSSOW, 3029 N. Leavitt St., Chicago 18, Ill., wants builders in-service photos of Northern Pac. Consolidation 469 (BLW 7000); Great Northern Consolidations 500 to 504 (BLW 12817 to 20, 12823); Montana Union Consolidations 151 to 153 (Grant 1714 to 1716); built 1883, 1892, 1887 respectively. Will pay top cash prices for any.

GUY G. SANDERS, 1238 Holley St. NW, Atlanta, Ga., will buy Ga. *Railway Guide*, '15 to '20, pref. post war.

(*) WM. SCHOPP, 445 S. Logan Ave., Trenton 9, N. J., will trade Vol. I *Tram Tracks* mimeographed Australian Elec. Ry. bulletin for other elec. or gasoline ry. material; esp. wants photos, plans, data on gas cars of all sorts, pref. homemade contraptions.

BRUCE M. SCOTT, 178 James St., New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, Canada, wants photos Erie engs. 2602 *Mallet* Camelback, 5015 *Matt Shay* triplex compound; will exch. CNR photos with other fans.

(*) DAVID SEARS, 22 Appian Way, Cambridge 38, Mass., wants to exch. info., photos, trsfs., maps, books, juice publications on elec. lines. Answers all mail.

J. SHAFER, 700 Cottage St., Waterloo, Iowa, wants steam traction eng. catalogs, thresher mags.; steam threshing, steam plowing machinery catalogs; old watch fobs, p.c's.; old auto crane radiator photos and catalogs.

(*) MARTIN SHAW, 360 E. 19th St., Brooklyn 26, N. Y., has framed list 12 in. x 14½ in. on blue blueprint paper, wood frame, glass cover of B'klyn & Queens Transit Corp. mechanical dept. special equipmt. to be carried on snowplows, sweepers; dated Apr. 11, '31; good cond. Will exch. for best trade for any other trolley souvenirs.

(*) ROBT. N. SIMMONE, 289 Mill St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., wants trolley, RR. eng. photos for clubroom.

W. W. SIMMS, 604 S. Reid, Pampa, Tex., wants to trade emp. tts., tr. ords.

BRUCE C. SMITH, USAF, Rte. 4, Madison, Wis., wants at any price or cond. copy of *Pac. Elec. All Time Roster* now out of print, not the supplements.

(*) DAVID SMITH, Box 446, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada, just beginning collec.; will buy photos Canadian elec. lines or route maps.

(R) JUSTIN F. SMITH, 853 N. Lawler, Chicago 51, Ill., wants certain *Railroad Magazines* '36 to '45; *She Boomer* by Harry Bedwell. Will sell *Trains, Model Railroader*, emp. tts.

(R) STAN F. STYLES, 19 West 18th Ave., Vancouver 10, B. C., Canada, will sell '46, '48, '49, '50 *Railroad Magazines*, 20¢ ea.; size 616 negs. CP, CN, WEC, BCE, GN, excell. cond., 25¢ ea.; surplus size 616 photos, 5¢ ea.

RICHARD TOURRET, 33A, Allport Lane, Bromborough, Cheshire, England, wants info. on USA/TC locos used in war. Answers all mail.

FORREST W. TRITTENBACH, 661 Chestnut St., Emmaus, Pa., will buy size 116, 616 negs. CNJ 39, 46, 111, 112, 293, 832, 650, 632, 633, 634, 635, 168, 753, 785, 896, 912, 921; LV 3421, 332, 351, 375, 445, 485, 4021, 4030, 5200; L&HR80; L&NE 304; D&H 4-4-0, 4-6-0; C&O 377, 90, 91, 500, 501, 502; also any PRR, NYC, N&W, IC, WAB, W&LE, WM. Answers all mail; would like to see negs. on approval.

BILLY VANDERBILT JR., 1223 NE 17 Terr., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., will buy steam, Diesel photos, any size.

H. N. WANTREY, 669 N. Edgemoor, Wichita, Kans., wants photos amusement park locos; will swap or pay cash; also wants info. on live steam model railroading.

F. H. WARNKEN, 910 W. Church, Urbana, Ill., wants tr. ords., tts. rds. in old Mexico. Has IC tr. ords., tts. for stamped self-addressed env. Answers all mail.

(R) JACK WERNERT, 6 Fischer St., Pittsburgh 23, Pa., will sell *Railroad Magazines* Jan. '49 to Jan. '50 exc. Apr. '41, $1.20 per yr.; bound Vols. 4, 5, 6 *Trains*, $3 ea.; all excell. cond., p.p.

PAUL J. WESTHAEFFER, 4515 N. 17th St., Arlington, Va., is collec. material for history of Cumberland Valley RR (now PRR); wants to hear from anyone with info., documents, photos, drawings, tts.

MIKE WIKMAN, 60 Oak Pl., Fair Haven, N. J., has emp. tts.; DL&W, Erie, CNJ, NYC, PRR, CRP. New York Long Branch, DL&W tr. ords. and clearance forms. Will trade for rulebooks, passes, switch keys, emp. tts., photos.

PAUL A. WOBUS, Manchester, Mo., will sell *Off. Guides*, '34 to '49, $2 ea.; '40 to '49, $1 ea.; less in quantity. Send self-addressed, stamped env. for list 250 tts., 60 rds.; 75 RR booklets.

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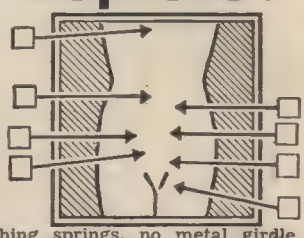

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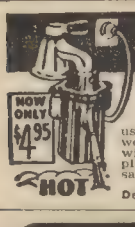

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Model Trading Post

A. F. CLOW, 503 Randolph NW, Washington 11, D. C., will sell $300 *Marklin* HO for $100; also old *Off. Guides* and calendars for sale. Will also do transportation research.

JIM CONVERSE, 1545 Ralston Ave., Burlingame, Calif., will sell pre-World War 2 HO gage 16 pr. *K&W* automatic couplers, new, 25¢ pr.; *Varney* 6-V K4 Pac. loco and tender assembled $17.50; 12 *Varney* aluminum sides frt. kits $1.75 ea. with Athearn sprung trucks; 2 *Red Ball* frt. kits with Athearn trucks, misc. eqpmt. Send for list.

RAY CRAWFORD, 149 William St., London, Ont., Canada, wants full scale model, steam or Diesel.

CHAS. E. DAVIS, 569 W. 18th St., Chicago, Ill., wants *Lionel* 00 gage eng. and tender parts. State price, cond.

DAVID E. HOBBS, 3554 Southwest 112th St., Seattle 66, Wash., is building for family pleasure 7½ in. gage, 1½ in. scale outdoor RR; wants to contact others anywhere engaged in such building or who have such pike in operation (other than amusement park professionals) with view to swapping photos, ideas, construction tips.

(*) L. M. JUDGE, 220 N. Juanita Ave., Los Angeles 4, Calif., wants *Buddy L* 3¼ in. gage tr. eqpmt., trk., catalog; also photos Detroit United Lines local, interurban.

JOHN R. KOCH, 5 Main St., Joliett, Pa., will sell *Lionel, AF* O gage eqpmt. or will trade. Answers all mail.

BASIL W. KOOB, Box 279, Fort Dodge, Ia., has photos amusement park live steam locos; also 2 ft. Byron RR. Wants exch. photos. with live steam fans in U. S.

CAPT. CASE KOWAL, 196th RCT, Med. Co., APO 949, c/o Postmaster, Seattle, Wash., wants old toy trs. and catalogs. State price, cond.

B. LIEDER, 1206 Hawthorne, Grosse Pointe 30, Mich., will sell compl. HO RR., locos, cars, trackage, for cash or will trade for O gage scale, interurban, steel rail.

J. MURRAY, 106 Main St., Wareham, Mass., will sell 15 in. gage 4-4-0 type, pass.-carrying, coal-burning steam loco, tender; 3 cars, 2000 ft. rail. Also gas driven tr. Photos, details, 25¢ coin.

A. J. RAMEE, 1070 14th Ave. SE, Minneapolis 14, Minn., has O gage scale equipmt., built-up and kits; desires to trade or buy *Lionel* std. gage eqpmt.

JAMES A. RAMSEY, 3rd St. and Pretty Lake Ave., Norfolk 3, Va., will sell *AF* DC loco 4-8-4 or trade for *AF* Diesel switcher.

HARVEY ROE, 68 Lake Ave., Tarrytown, N. Y., wants *Lionel* std. gage elec. locos 9U, 9E, 318, 381U, 402E, 400E steam type. Also cars 428, 429, 430. Send description, price.

T. VASSELL, 752 St. John's Pl., Brooklyn 16, N. Y., wants O gage tr. eqpmt., excell. cond.; will trade built-up excell. HO gage trs. or brand new kits, if preferred. Wants *Lionel* scale OOE *Hudson* eng., PRR 0-6-0 steam type switcher.

RUDOLPH W. WITTEMANN, 142 Henry St., Brooklyn 2, N. Y., will sell HO eqpmt.; send for list. Answers all mail.

Flagstops

ERIE VETERANS ASSOC. selling Erie Centennial plates, 10 in. diameter, white with blue designs, $1.50 ea., including mailing charges. Write B. J. Markwell, 18212 Owego Ct., Lakewood 7, Ohio.

MINNESOTA RAILFANS' ASSOC. offering RR blueprints, photographed on 4 to 6 large sheets; individual sheets need to be cut; mailed in tubes, priced as follows; Milwaukee, M&StL, $4 ea; Great Northern, Soo Line, $3.50 ea. Contact Russell L. Olson, 4106 Queen Ave. S., Minneapolis 10, Minn.

NEW CALENDAR for 1952, issued by San Francisco Branch of Railroadians of America, has just come off press. Frederic Shaw, vice-president, suggests these calendars make excellent Christmas gifts. With each undertaking from such sales, the branch barely replenishes its depleted treasury from such annual receipts. For price and calendar write to Shaw, Sausalito, Calif.

"SAGE AND HIGH IRON," Charles D. Dulin's latest book of poems, is obtainable for $2 postpaid by ordering from him at 1720 New Jersey Ave., Kansas City 2, Kan. "I'll personally autograph copies to those who say so, or to party for whom they intend the book as Christmas gift," Dulin promises. (For further data see July *On the Spot*, page 135, where book was reviewed.)

Distaff Dispatcher

Continued from page 64

HOW DO the men on the road react to supervision by a woman? They're just about 100 per cent for her, although she had to overcome considerable resistance in this direction too. There was an operator at a key point, a topnotch man, who simply could not take it. Without crossing the forbidden line, he could cause a train dispatcher plenty of grief, just as he could be an invaluable help if he wished. When a dispatcher has to dig out every parcel of information not volunteered by the operator the DS has a continual problem. Miss Vohland had this problem, so she simply cranked up her flivver and went right to the source of the trouble, the reluctant operator. Result: the operator is now a loyal worker and friend.

How does she react when Hot Box Harry or Sitting Bull tie up her railroad? "She never says anything mean with the transmitter cut in," says one co-worker. "But, on a few justifiable occasions, I have heard some low-voiced adjectives that were gems worthy of addition to any he-man dispatcher's glossary."

Let me give you the words of the dispatcher who broke in Miss Vohland.

"I will always be proud I was the first teacher of the first bona fide lady train dispatcher in the United States, maybe in the world, and that she is making good."

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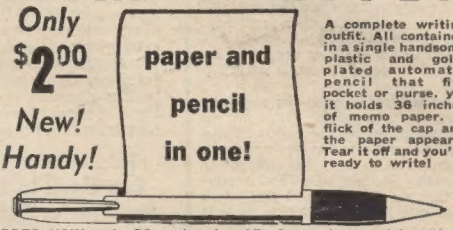

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WHAT IS ERA?

A non-profit, nation-wide association of those who are devoted to the History and Service of All Types of Electric Railways and Advocating their Progress Everywhere. Members receive illustrated monthly news ERA HEADLIGHTS and occasional publication ELECTRIC RAILROADS featuring some particular line. ERA meetings are held regularly in many large cities. ERA runs frequent field trips, inspections. Members show movies, photos, swap timetables, tickets, maps. The FRANK J. SPRAGUE MEMORIAL LIBRARY, maintained by ERA, is available to members, as are many other advantages. Annual dues $2.00 ($1.00 initiation). Many ERA Members are helping support the BERA, but this is optional. Write for free ERA illustrated Brochure and membership application form.

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WHAT IS BERA?

A non-profit, educational organization supporting and operating an Electric Railway Museum—a 1½ mile Interurban private right of way along scenic shore of Long Island Sound, from East Haven Green to Short Beach, Conn. Exhibits include carbarn & power plant, and wide assortment of Trolleys rescued from 8 States. Members pay $1.00 monthly dues ($10.00) initiation), some subsidize exhibits by purchasing and paying rent on their own cars. Many contribute work to restore and maintain these priceless examples of a vanishing Golden Era. If you purchase a $50.00 BERA 20 year Bond you are not GIVING money—you are SAVING it for yourself at 3% annual interest and helping support this worthy project. Come and see what we are accomplishing, or send $1.00 for illustrated 1952 Brochure.

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For Hospital Bills, up to..... $500.00
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Wonderful news! This new policy covers everyone from infancy to age 70! When sickness or accident sends you or a member of your family to the hospital—this policy PAYS $100.00 PER WEEK for a day, a month, even a year . . . or just as long as you stay in the hospital. What a wonderful feeling to know your savings are protected and you won't have to go into debt. The money is paid DIRECT TO YOU to spend as you wish. This remarkable new Family Hospital Protection costs only 3c a day for each adult 18 to 59 years of age, and for age 60 to 70 only 4½c a day. This policy even covers children up to 18 years of age with cash benefits of $50.00 a week while in the hospital—yet the cost is only 1½c a day for each child! Benefits paid while confined to any recognized hospital, except government hospitals, rest homes and clinics, spas or sanitariums. Pick your own doctor. Naturally this wonderful policy is issued only to individuals and families now in good health; otherwise the cost would be sky high. But once protected, you are covered for about every sickness or accident. Persons covered may return as often as necessary to the hospital within the year.

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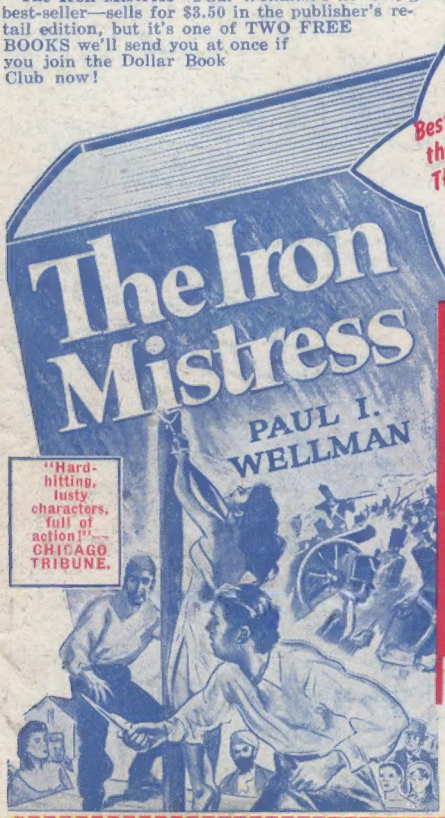

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